Australian
PENTHOUSE
THE AUSTRALIAN MEN'S MAGAZINE
APRIL 1993

BLACK LABEL
EDITION

Paternity Wars
Fathers fight for their rights

That's Hinch!
TV's hard man hits out

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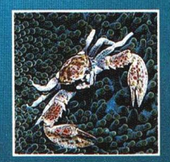

SEA NEW GUINEA

Australian
PENTHOUSE

The International Men's Magazine/Vol 14 No. 4/April 1993 Black Label Edition

Cover by: Bruce Coulter

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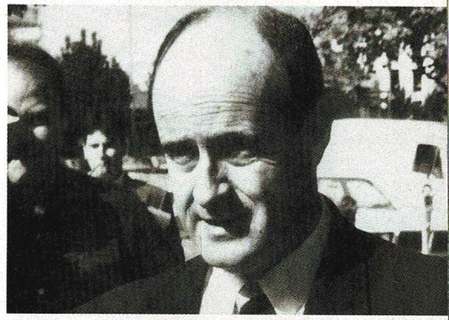
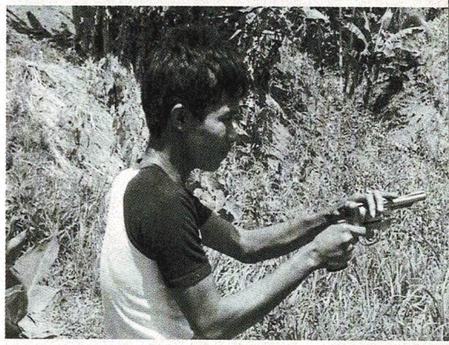


King Con



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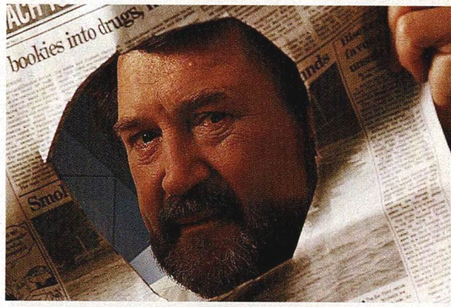

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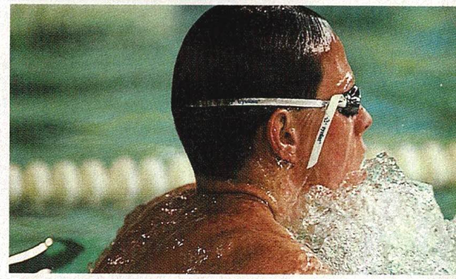

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housecall

MARK ABERNETHY

PATERNITY WARS
This month's lead story from Senior Editor **Mark Abernethy** takes a look at the Australian divorce system and what deal fathers get from it. Abernethy says he's qualified for a story about divorcing fathers with the credentials of having never married and having never fathered children. Through a maze of conflicting anecdotes, mis-matching statistics and pure acrimony, the former newspaper reporter tells a story that will be food for thought for some and like a red rag to a bull for others. Find Abernethy's story on page 34 with the illustration by **Cameron Singleton**.

THE WAGES OF SWIM
Sydney journalist **Richard Sleeman** knew he was looking at a champion when he first saw Kieren Perkins at the 1990 Auckland Commonwealth Games. The former columnist on the *Sun, Australian,* and *Mirror* newspapers later stood up for Perkins on his *Heroes and Villains* radio program when Australian Swimming Incorporated attempted to ban the swimmer from competition over conflicting sponsorship. On page 98 the two-time winner of the Australian Sportswriter Of The Year award dissects the financial success of Australia's latest sporting hero and wonders if all the attention and money will spoil the young champ. Photos by **Live Action**.

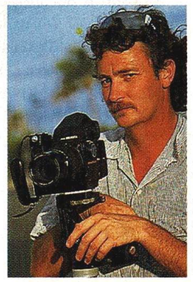
RICHARD SLEEMAN

DAVID HELLABY

KING CON
When the 1980s died, most people believed the money tricksters would meet the same fate as the decade. On page 48 Adelaide journalist **David Hellaby** profiles an Eighties survivor, Donald Brownlie Fleming, who is still making deals despite being a bankrupt owing almost $10 million. A self-confessed hunter of corporate villains, Hellaby has won 15 journalism awards on either side of the Tasman for his stories about corporate fraud. He currently heads the Special Investigations team at the *Adelaide Advertiser* which was responsible for breaking the story about skulduggery in the State Bank of South Australia and its associated scandals.

POWER TO THE MAX
Mark Reed raced motorbikes before a work-related accident meant having to give up the fast lane. He now writes for European and North American magazines and is the Australian correspondent for Japanese magazine, *Cycle Sounds* and Queensland correspondent for *Revs* magazine. He is the former publisher/editor of *Australian Trail and Track* magazine and presently does publicity for Scott Doohan and Darryl Beattie. His previous stories for *Penthouse* have included Harley Davidsons, Darryl Beattie and off-road enduro races. On page 22 he profiles the latest performance machine from Yamaha; the 1200cc V-Max. Photographs by **Mark Horsburgh**.

SHELLEY
Queensland photographer **Bruce Coulter** was a prawn fisherman, builder, draughtsman and barman before finding his calling — photography. He now sells pictures to magazines like *Australasian Post, New Idea, Women's Weekly, Surfing Life, Waves* and *Surfing World*. But his specialty has remained the photography of the female form through his swimwear catalogues and surf lifestyle photography to his pictorials for *Penthouse* magazine. On page 53 see the way Coulter captured the body and soul of April Pet Of The Month, Shelley Rowson.


BRUCE COULTER

A dialogue between readers and editors concerning the content of Australian Penthouse. Letters for publication should carry name and address, although these will be withheld on request. Send to Feedback, Australian Penthouse, Box 42, Cammeray, NSW 2062. Views published are not necessarily endorsed editorially.

feedback

Pumped up

I was concerned with Mark Abernethy's "Muscle Drugs" story in December *Penthouse.* His story was an accurate outline of the increasing problem of steroid abuse among our young males and how easily they can get these drugs. What Abernethy didn't say was that there are a lot of fitness professionals, such as myself, around the country who do not tolerate steroid use and actively campaign against those who use and deal the drugs.

But that's not enough. I'm only a small voice. We need government departments to print pamphlets for high schools and follow up with awareness campaigns. If the government doesn't want to take responsibility for this, then the AMA should look at getting involved. There are many fitness professionals like myself who are fighting a losing battle. What we need now is national action by the government and medical organisations.

All adults should take responsibility for what our young people are doing to themselves. Thankyou for making people aware of the issue. — *Charlie Boxall, Charlie's Fitness Centre, Wollongong, NSW*

Pumped up too

I would like to congratulate you on the excellent review of "Muscle Drugs" by Mark Abernethy. I am a plastic surgeon who deals with bodybuilders but I have never prescribed steroids for them. Bodybuilders often take up the sport because they have a problem either with the size or shape of their muscles. Modern cosmetic surgical procedures such as pectoralis implants, calf implants or surgical techniques to repair torn muscles or the surgical treatment of male breasts are an ideal alternative to steroids.

The solid implants have not undergone the same scrutiny or suggested possible association with disease as have the liquid silicone implants. The use of implants by bodybuilders is not permissible in competition. However it should also be realised that most bodybuilders are not doing this sport to compete but just as the male students who took the steroids, a large percentage of them are doing it solely to improve their appearance. — *Dr. Darryl Hodgkinson, Darling Point, NSW*

Racheal — a 100-percent knockout!

Foot baller

I have just completed reading the December 1992 edition of *Australian Penthouse,* and I was so disappointed!

Why? Because I love female feet. And yet your publication has a tendency to publish images of these delightful young women, with either their feet cut off, encased in boring shoes, or hidden under sheets, why?

I find nothing more captivating than a delightful, well-presented pair of feet, with very tasteful nail polish, yet, what do I see? High heels and all the other boring bull. Why get a model to pose nude, then have her wear a pair of heels or nylons? That is not nudity, it's semi-nudity! To me, to see the foot of a woman, any woman, can tell something about their character, sexuality and beauty.— *Name and address withheld.*

Pumped up 3

When I unwrapped my December issue of *Penthouse*, I was most interested to see an article on steroid abuse. But where was the substance? Most people, including most users, would agree steroids should not be used to enhance performance. But some people will use these drugs anyway, so why not include some helpful or safety information? Assuming that there will be users, why not provide some answers. Which are the best performing steroids? Which are safest? How much is relatively safe? How do they work? How much muscle increase is due to the steroid? There are users and I would prefer them to be educated on the pros and cons of use rather than the more dangerous alternative of ignorance. — *Laurie Sparks, Greensborough, Vic*

Tame pictorials

The Couples pictorials in *Penthouse* are, put simply, boring. To me the couples seem to be playing a game to see how close they can get to one another without having sex. Again, to put it simply — the couples ain't coupling. Also in the last two years, the centrefold shots of Australian Pets have been biased towards the "on the hands and knees" shots. I like the full frontals much better. — *Name and address withheld.*

To Eyre is human

Where did you get the photographer who shot Alison Eyre in the October edition? All in all this was very unimaginative work. He really worked the white singlet to death. Most of the photos looked the same. I've seen pics of Alison before and she has a sensational pair of legs, yet we hardly saw these. Next time you are lucky enough to get someone like her, make sure you have a photographer who understands trained bodies. — *Bill Wilson, Ballina, NSW*

100-percent knockout

The December Pet, Racheal Ellison, is absolutely a 100-percent knockout. When I saw that Racheal was going to be in the December issue, I just couldn't wait. Anyway, Racheal has easily secured my vote for Pet Of The Year in the upcoming competition. — *Justin Barret, Ipswich, Qld*

Where the girls aren't

We have travelled all around the world and we have never come across the hot looking women in your magazine. Either they don't exist, or we go to the wrong places. Since *Penthouse* has already been to the HMAS Ovens for a story, how about sending some young ladies here to do a pictorial? — *S.P. Smith, HMAS Platypus, Neutral Bay, Sydney*

SCHOLZ & FRIENDS

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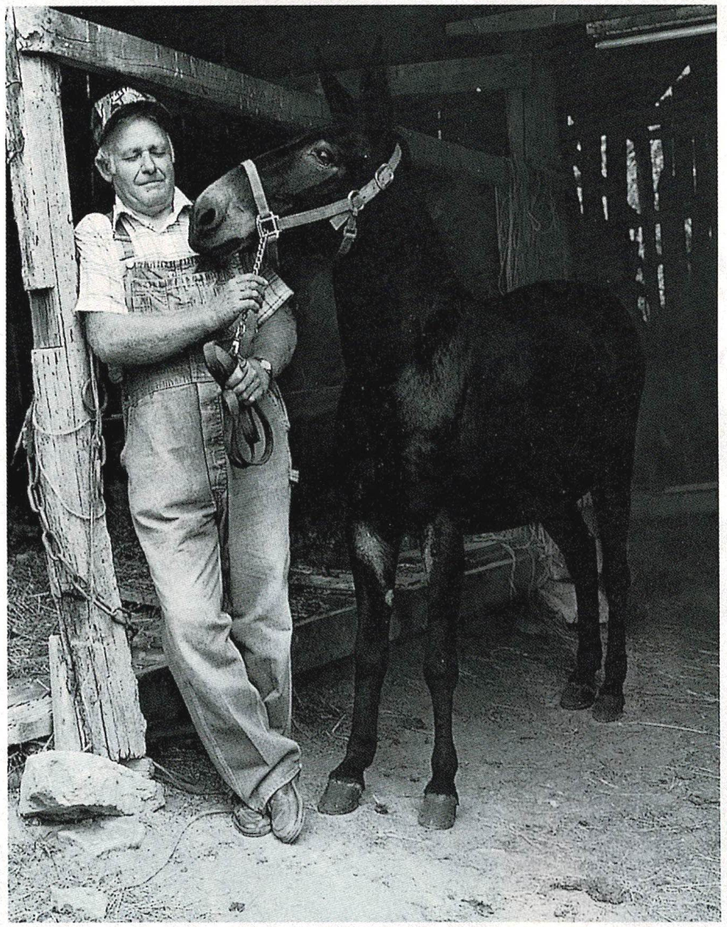

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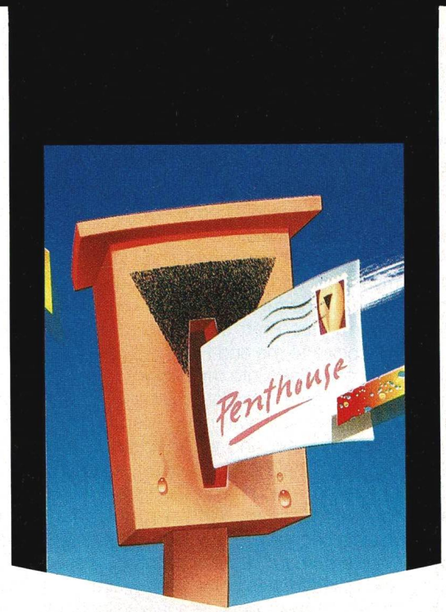


forum

Surf's up

One Saturday morning last January, I woke up feeling really hung over after drinking too much with my girlfriends the previous night. I thought that the best way to get through the day would be to laze around on the beach.

Around midday I started to drive to the beach in just my bikini. I'd broken up with my last boyfriend a few months earlier and the lack of cock was causing me to have a few lusty thoughts. I had heard of a nudist beach which wasn't too far away, so I thought I'd give it a try.

When I got there I was amazed and pleased at the ratio of guys to girls — about two to one. As I walked along the beach looking for a place to lay down, quite a few guys said hello. I was entertained by their different sized cocks and willingness to make sure I noticed.

I eventually found a nice spot to put down my towel. I felt so horny while taking off my bikini, I just wanted to be screwed right there and then. I stood up and rubbed suntan lotion over my breasts, down my legs and between my thighs, just touching the lips of my pussy. I noticed quite a few guys watching while I did this, so I paid special attention to my breasts and pussy. I actually slipped a finger into my pussy as I applied the oil to my inner thighs. One of the guys watching me had a huge pink erection, which only made me hornier.

In fact, I was so horny I decided to go for a walk to check out the guys. I have always shaved my pussy, apart from a small patch at the top, and as I walked along the beach I noticed most of the guys staring right at my exposed lips. I felt like an absolute goddess with these guys leering at me.

When I returned to my towel, I lay down and started to soak up the sun. It was then that my day started to look decidedly better. A girl and two guys, all in their early twenties, put their towels down next to mine. After a few minutes the guys went for a swim and I started chatting with the girl, Louise. She told me that she was having a relationship with the tall guy (with the big prick) called Mark and the other guy, Brett, was an old friend.

When the guys came back they offered me a wine cooler and we all started chatting and smoked some dope. After about three hours, I was starting to feel drunk, happy and very horny. Both Brett and Mark kept stealing glances at my oiled pussy as I sat cross-legged, chatting. When I asked Brett to put some oil on my back I saw his thick prick twitch.

I lay down and we kept talking as Brett rubbed oil on my shoulders, down my back and over my bum. I closed my eyes and let Brett pour the warm oil over my calves. Ever so slowly his hands crept up my slightly parted legs. As they inched towards my pussy I opened my legs further. I felt Brett's hand rub over my cunt. His index finger just slipped between my pussy lips and around onto my clit. Since I didn't object, Brett pushed two fingers deep into my pussy.

My nirvana was broken by Louise's laughter. I looked up and was greeted by Brett's thick, erect cock sticking right in my face.

"A bit excited are we Brett?" Louise asked, giggling. I laughed, too, but not before giving the head of Brett's dick a promising lick.

Louise, God bless her soul, suggested we all go back to her house for drinks. She told Brett to go with me, so I wouldn't get lost.

When we arrived, Mark poured us all some more drinks while Louise had a quick shower. We were all sitting outside when Louise came out completely naked and asked us why we still had our bathers on. As the guys stripped off I noticed that Brett had an erection.

Louise saw me staring and we just smiled at one another. As I took my bikini off Louise said I looked quite burnt and that I should have a shower and some moisturiser rubbed on me.

While having a shower I was so turned on I slipped a finger into my pussy and started masturbating. After about a minute, I sat down on the shower floor with the water spraying down on me. Still working a finger in and out of my pussy, I started gently massaging my clit.

I began thinking how jealous I was of Louise. She had sandy hair, nearly perfect breasts and a bum I would kill to have. It was no wonder she had Mark and Brett hanging around her. I knew I was being set up to fuck Brett and I was really getting into my pussy when I heard the shower screen open. Louise was standing there.

As I stood up I noticed how erect her nipples were and I blushed at being caught. Louise, in turn, apologised for not knocking. I told her it had been two months since I had been with a guy and she asked, "What about a woman?"

I didn't know where to look. Louise stepped towards me and kissed me lightly on the lips. She told me to dry myself and then come outside. A few minutes later I walked outside, wanting nothing more than to sit on Brett's cock and fuck him. Louise stopped me, led me into her bedroom and said I needed some moisturiser on my shoulders. She began to rub both my breasts and my now erect nipples between her fingers.

I let out a little moan and said it felt great. She then put her arms around me. We crushed our boobs together and she kissed me hard on the lips. I started kissing her back while telling her I'd never done this before. She whispered that I would enjoy it and she then moved into

the middle of the bed and lay back. She told me to get on top of her in a 69er position.

I squatted over her face and lowered my pussy. As I leant forward towards her pussy I felt her fingers separate my flaps and her tongue start to flick and lick from my bum up to my clit. Louise then stopped and said, "Go on, lick my cunt."

She had really large and puffy flaps and as I licked them and pushed them apart to find her clit, she quivered and told me to push a finger into her pussy.

Just as Louise started to flick my clit and make me wonder why I hadn't done this before, Mark and Brett walked in. Brett said we looked beautiful and Louise told him that I was in need of a fuck. He said he would be able to fix that and he got on the bed and knelt behind me as Louise held my pussy open for him.

I had two fingers in Louise's pussy and was fingering her as Brett slowly pushed his cock into me. His cock was only about 7 inches long, but really thick and when he had got about half-way in he started to fuck me very slowly. With every thrust my pussy stretched a little more. Louise was sucking on my clit and I was in heaven enjoying the fuck of my life.

I stopped fingering her pussy and just rested my chin on her pubic mound and sucked the folds of her pussy. I remember nearly screaming the house down when I felt Louise push a finger up into my arse. I started to orgasm and just lay on Louise until it ended.

I then stretched out a bit more and began to push my arse back to meet Brett's thrusts. I was really getting into the fuck when noticed Mark get on the bed in front of me.

He put his now-erect cock in front of my mouth and started masturbating with just his knob rubbing over my lips. After a few minutes Brett started to really slam his cock into me and I felt his cock pump hot come deep into my pussy.

I lay there completely exhausted with my pussy still twitching. Mark's hand pumped faster and faster up and down his cock. I held Louise's pussy apart and opened my mouth, preparing two holes for Mark's seed. With a grunt, Mark squirted come over my face and all over Louise's pussy. Louise promptly kissed and licked Mark's come off my face.

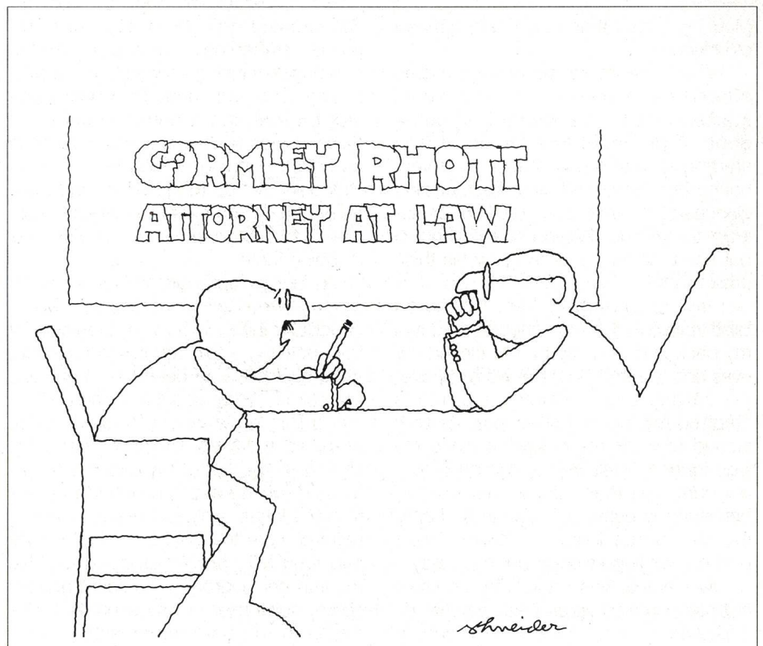
We all went outside again to cool off and have a drink. I sat on Brett's lap and Louise sat on Mark's. After about ten minutes Louise complained that she didn't get fucked. Mark told her to turn around and face him and Brett and I watched them fuck really passionately.

We sat there absolutely mesmerised with Brett rubbing my pussy and me stroking his cock. It got too much for us to just watch so Brett lay me down on the lawn and I wrapped my legs around him as he pushed his cock into my pussy again.

The sound of Louise moaning had me even hornier than before. Brett was fucking me more lovingly this time, but when I saw that Louise and Mark were building up tempo, I wanted to feel Brett's cock slamming into me even harder than before. So I told him to fuck me hard. In that position his cock felt even bigger than before and he had me screaming. After nearly ten minutes of the great fuck, I had already had one orgasm and when Brett came in me I told him to keep fucking me because I was close to another.

Thirty seconds later, with him squeezing one of my nipples and kissing me, I orgasmed again. When I got myself together, I noticed Louise and Mark had finished and we all resumed talking and laughing while we drank some more.

Later, I went back to Brett's house and we fucked that night and most of Sunday. I went home early Sunday night not believing what had happened. I went out with Brett for three months and we all had sex together another seven times. One weekend the guys went away and I spent the weekend with Louise and she taught me every trick she knew to give pleasure to another woman. — *Name and address withheld*



" How binding are promises made to a secretary while she's giving you a blow job? "

On the road again

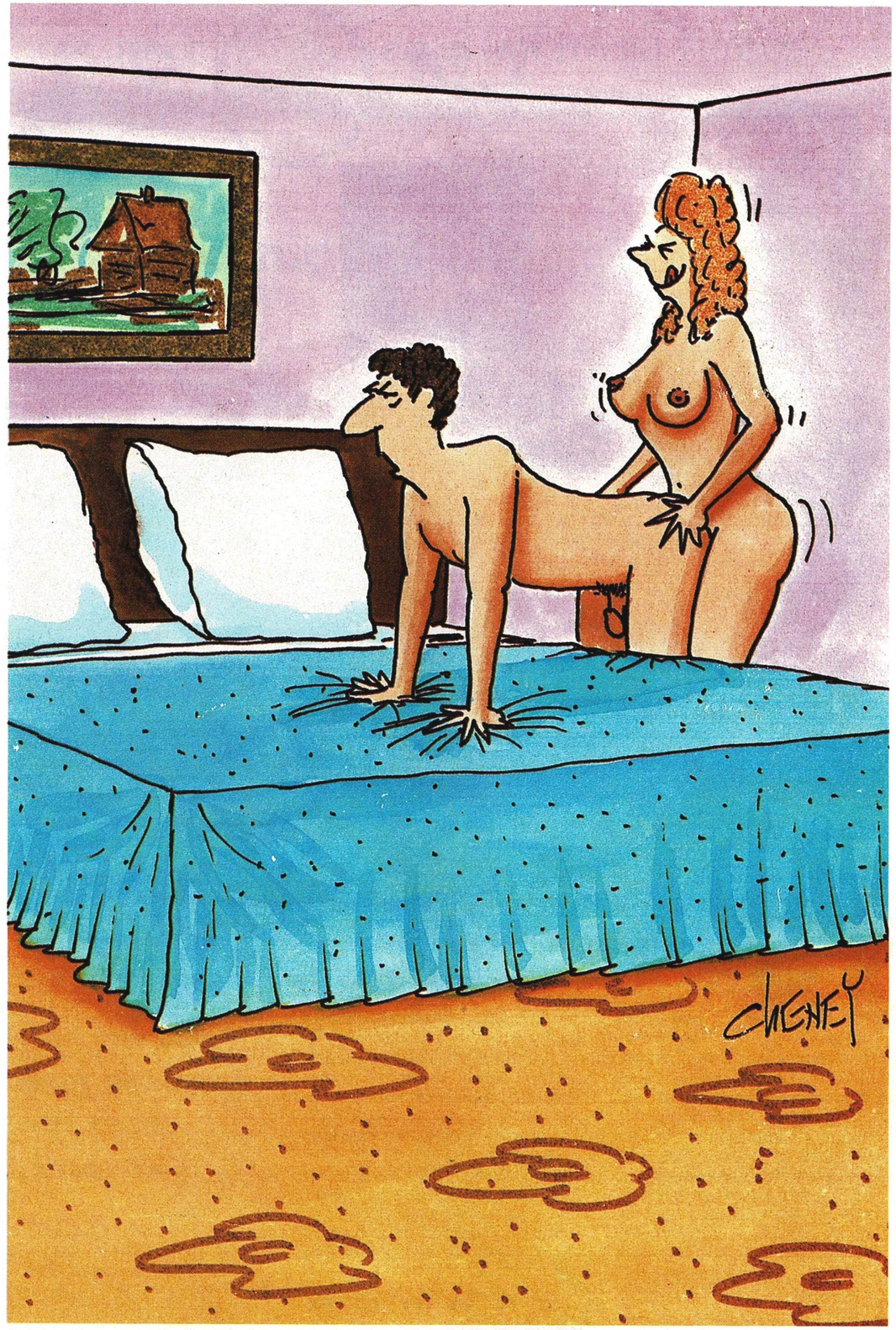
I work as a long-distance coach driver. Consequently, I see and meet a large number of people every day. Just the other day I was driving a coach with only a small number of passengers, one of whom was a young, attractive woman. She was sitting towards the rear of the coach but in a position in which I could watch her in my mirror. As I started doing commentary, I watched this young woman in a short skirt and halter top getting comfortable. As she moved about in her seat, I got a flash of her bare breasts and skimpy panties.

Over the next few hours I entertained myself with glances at this pretty girl. None of the other passengers were aware of what this lady was doing so I had the show all to myself. When we stopped for a meal break, I went over and had a chat with her.

She was only 19 and it was her first trip on a coach. We spoke for a while and she said she was nervous to be by herself. After the meal stop I handed over the coach to my partner and went back to the sleeper bunk at the rear of the coach.

I was removing my shoes and shirt when the young lady came over and said she wanted to talk. So being kind, I said, "Sure, what do you want to talk about?"

Continued on page 118



"Sandra, darling ... aren't you being a little too aggressive?"

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FRONT

Ex-rated nightmare

A blast from the past is a pain in the arse

Illustration by Drahos Zak

Snakes alive! Is that a hat pin in your handbag or are you just pissed off to see me? Is that a pursed smile or did you just say my new girlfriend has plastic tits? Crikey, is that your lipstick message on my windscreen or did they finally let Andrea Dworkin out in public?

Recognise the scenario? If you see yourself in these scenes then it's an odds-on bet that you have a lover, girlfriend, wife or mistress that you refer to as "my Ex." Trouble is, the concept of an Ex is really just that: a concept.

This is the breed of craziness that the Modern Man is having to come to terms with in the Neuro Nineties. And crazy it is. Surely Nineties men get enough trauma in the finding, seducing and sexual sating of New Women. These she-yuppies first have to be weeded out from their roving packs, which is no easy task since even liberated females go to the toilet in pairs. They then have to be heard on a menu of fascinating subjects which range from themselves and their mothers to their mothers and themselves. Then the happening bloke has to have a working knowledge of every sound sex practice from Annie Sprinkle and Tao massage to New Age touch sex and the teachings of John Holmes. And all this knowledge has to be performed with the kind of energy that would make a mental jack-rabbit look as slow as Marlon Brando in a gin funk. When all this proves not enough, the Modern Man has to accept his firing with good grace. Which is not easy when the kiss-off is the nice-sounding but confusing mantra of: "I need some stabilising presence in my life — someone who's *there* for me and my needs. I think that's a future you should be exploring too, don't you?"

"And one can never get drunk with a still friends Ex . . ."

Despite needing Psych 1, a NATO decoder and 27 women's magazines to fully understand your redundancy notice, the really crazy part is yet to come. Because the woman you chased, bedded and called a girlfriend for five months may have befuddled the hell out of you on too many occasions to count, but mere confusion is something you'll invoke the name of Allah for when she returns in her next incarnation as "The Ex."

The hardest but most satisfying Ex is the one a bloke can still be friends with. The only problem with this most modern and gallant form of break-up is that it's largely a crock. You can hang-out, swap jokes and play pool together until it almost feels normal. But in just being friends, both parties spend

Ex-rated nightmare

most of their "friendship" dancing around each other like the Sharks and the Jets on a Cambodian mine field. You can't use the word "honestly" to begin a sentence. There are songs that cannot be played when you're in the same room together. And one can never, ever get drunk with a still-friends Ex. Why not? Because faster than you can say, "I love your mind and I never look at your boobs", you find yourself playing paw-prints-on-the-windscreen in the car park with your drunken, and anything but matey, Ex. This leads to the Modern Man's catch-22. You decide to give things another whirl, and you're buying back into everything that was wrong in the first place. Or you try to walk away, and you help create what Boudicca would have been like if PCP had been available 2000 years ago.

This sort of minefield is the price to pay for being friends, but it beats the shit out of the other MOs on offer when dealing with an Ex.

One of the worst types of Ex can be summed up (as Dan Quayle would say) in one word: Fatal Attraction. In the movie of the same name, Michael Douglas got off lightly. In the real world, things are different. In a genuine Fatal Attraction situation, the Ex doesn't attack the man because she's too busy trying to *destroy* one's new partner. These Exs who try to destroy everything in their former man's life develop an eerie third ear and tap into something called "women's knowledge." This strange feminine perception means an Ex can see through walls, hear gossip that doesn't exist, and "sense" things from a thousand miles away. Most men have experienced women's knowledge from an Ex. You can be relaxing on a Fijian beach with your new woman when the Ex calls from Sydney. "I know you're sleeping with her. I know what you're doing with the bitch!"

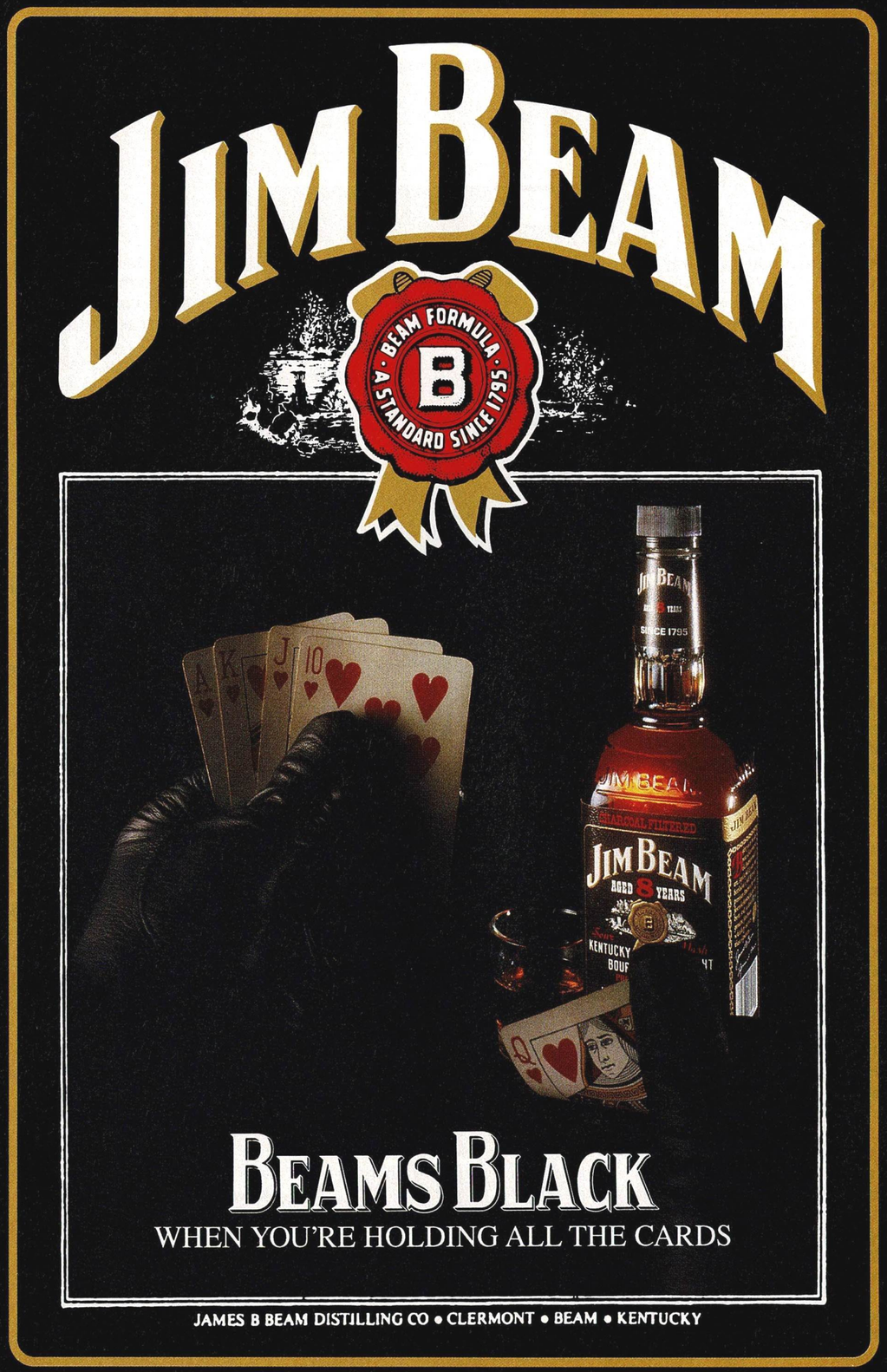
You may not even have a new partner, but it won't stop the Ex calling one fine evening and demanding to talk with the phantom partner. "I know she's there Mark, put that bitch on now!"

Women's knowledge extends to matters of hygiene. Your new girlfriend could be a recently landed immigrant from Outer Mongolia but that won't stop your Ex from "knowing" about a small problem your lover has with chlamydia, Tokyo Rose and anal warts.

The Fatal Attraction Ex can be a handful, but the Ex who wants to give you advice on other women can be a bona fide pain in the butt. You're talking on the phone with the adviser breed of Ex and the hexed subject of new romance is raised. She wants to know why you aren't dating. You tell her. The advising Ex tells you not to be so stupid. "If a woman cares how much money you have, she's not worth it anyway."

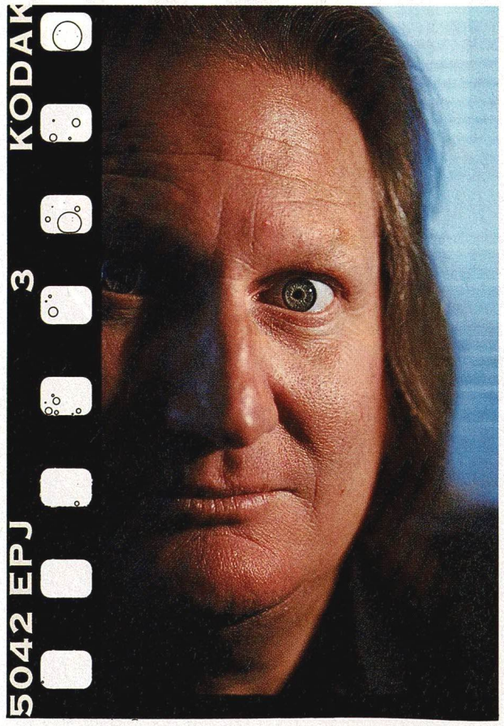
You let a little gasp fly and find yourself searching for something solid to lean against. You roll your eyes, choke on your cigarette and bite your tongue. Why? Because the girl on the other end of the line is the same woman who dumped you 18 months earlier for a dentist who had "stability" ... as well as a house, a boat, a Jag and six figures per annum.

Yes, life in the Nineties can be strange for the Modern Man. But sometimes the oldest wisdom is the best of all — the best way to deal with an Ex is don't. — *Mark Abernethy*



Doug Mulray

MMM Superstar



Where were you born and how does it effect who you are today?
I was born on a mountain top in Tennessee. No, that was Shirley MacLaine wasn't it? I was born in King George the Vth Hospital, Sydney. It's had a peculiar effect on me really. Wherever I travel, I have this compulsion to visit anything named after George Vth... parks, libraries, correctional institutions, the lot. It cost me a fortune in Paris. Why couldn't I have been born in a Travelodge?
What do you use for transport?
Twin turbo-charged XJ40 Jaguar; 1961 Mark 2, 3.8 Jaguar; 1954 XK140 Drophead Coupe Jaguar and a greasy pogo stick for special occasions.
What really pisses you off?
An All Black victory over the Wallabies. (I haven't been too pissed off lately.)
What's your favourite saying?
I have two favourites: "Life is what happens when you're busy making other plans." — John Lennon. And "as useless as a chocolate teapot" — Anon-Lennon.
What was the last book you read?
The Golden Hands Encyclopedia of Embroidery. I recently embroidered a grease-proof cover for my pogo stick.
Who do you admire in your own field?
John Holmes and Harry Reems.
If they made you Emperor tomorrow, what would you change?
The system that made it possible for someone like me to be made Emperor.
What's your favourite drink?
Mothers milk — not so tasty but exquisitely packaged.
What makes you proud?
Victories by the Wallabies and spontaneous erections. (I'm getting old you know.)
Who would you least like to sit next to on a long plane journey?
Someone travelling on a Libyan passport or anyone in economy class.
Are there any vices you want to adopt?
After what happened to Woody Allen, I wouldn't adopt anything.
What do you sing in the shower?
"I Enjoy Being A Girl", "I Am Woman Hear Me Roar", and "Girls Just Wanna Have Fu-un." I wish the neighbours wouldn't stare at me the way they do. It's a free-ish country, isn't it?
Do you have any unfulfilled ambitions?
To sack Kerry Packer half-way through a Nine network board meeting.
What movie character would you most like to be?
Barbarella.
Who would you most like to spend an evening with?
Joan Sutherland. I'd slip her some eccy and get her to sing "Stand By Your Man."
What is decadence?
Ten dences.
What is your worst vice?
Greasing pogo sticks.
What makes you want to throw a stubbie at the TV?
My two wives, not to be confused with the TV show of the same name.
How do you relax?
Greasing pogo sticks.
What makes you embarrassed
Greasing pogo sticks.
What's the sexiest thing in a woman?
A greasy pogo stick.
What sport would you play as a professional if you had the chance?
I wouldn't. If I had the chance to play any sport at any level, I'd be an amateur member of the Wallabies. What do you wanna be? A walla-wallaby!
Do you regret anything?
Greasing pogo sticks (not really). It'd be much worse if you didn't grease them.
Have you any phobias?
Phobias...me, are you kidding? I haven't got any phobias. Me afraid of something, hah. Anyway who told you to ask that? Hang on, I do have a phobia. I'm terribly afraid that one day I'll confuse phobia with paranoia.
How would you describe yourself?
Briefly.
What gets you down?
Mogadon and Cerapax.
Where do you want to be ten years from now?
Emperor of Australia. Don't panic, it's just a little Chinese restaurant I know in Birrong.

Percussion by Arthur 'B' Monk

Gilbey's by choice.

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Black beauties

Marlin fishing off Cairns is a big business

The yank sitting alongside me nearly shat himself. Patrick Gee had heard about the giant black marlin of the Great Barrier Reef that bite between August and November, and had flown out from the States to see what the fuss was all about.

"Holy fuck," he choked, "did you see that? It's like a block of condos with a beak."

The crew had caught a 20lb yellowfin tuna and as they trolled the live bait, a huge black marlin had swum up to the back of the boat, stuck its big boofhead out of the water and swallowed the tuna whole. It was like the scene out of *Jaws*.

And now Shimano Australia boss, John Dunphy, was in the fighting

"Big fish make big baits for huge fish. That's the way fishing is off Cairns . . ."

chair, hooked up to over half a tonne of very pissed off female black marlin that was peeling the 130lb line off the big 80W Shimano Tiagra game-fishing reel like you and I peel sheets off a toilet roll. And that was against 60lb of drag. Mind boggling stuff.

We were trolling the bottomless onyx waters of the Pacific on the outer edge of Escape Reef, about 100 kilometres north of Cairns. It was 3.s30 in the afternoon, mid-October — prime time. At 1pm that same day, our party of four had arrived at Cairns airport. At 1.30pm we were on a chartered float plane heading north and at 2.30pm we were welcomed aboard the game fishing boat, *Reel Screamer*, as it sat just inside Escape, about a five-minute run from the marlin grounds.

By 3pm we were trolling for giant black marlin and at 3.30pm we had hooked up to Mrs Huge. No wonder the yank was head-fucked.

Privately owned by a Melbourne businessman and with a replacement value of around $1.5 million, *Reel Screamer* is arguably the best game fishing boat in the country. The 17-metre Precision hull is custom built from the deck up and features air conditioning, satellite navigation, twin global-positioning systems, radar, five two-way radios, tuna tower, huge flying bridge, twin staterooms, and every modern convenience of a space-age home.

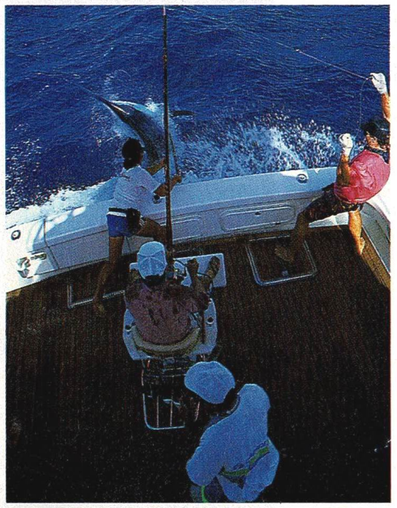
Powered by twin MWM diesels that generate 835kW, she cruises at an incredible 31 knots.

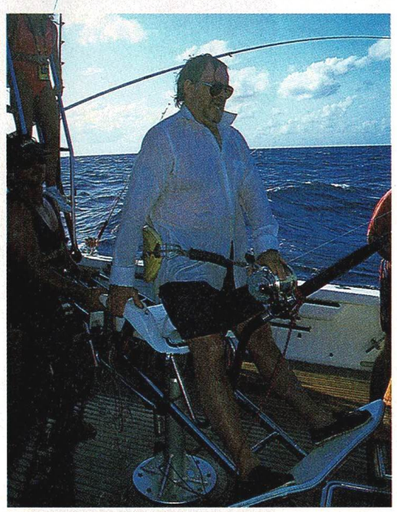
Real Screamer is skippered by Dennis "Brazakka" Wallace, who is a living legend around these parts. Brazakka was chartered by Lee Marvin for twelve years and has caught billfish for Jimmy Carter and Wilbur Smith. He's got over a hundred 1000lb marlin (granders) to his credit and is recognised around the world as being in a class of his own.

Like the boat and skipper, the crew is the cream of the crop. Brazakka flies his deckie, expatriate Aussie Mark Vezey, out from Canada every year for the three-month season. He could get local talent but he reckons that Mark is the best wire man in the world and when you're in the big league you can't take any chances.

There's nothing worse than having to take a crewman into hospital with a couple of missing fingers when the bite is hot.

Second deckie, David Goode, is one of the guys who built *Reel Screamer* from the hull up. It's nice to have a guy on board who not only knows his way around the deck, but can fix a blocked head or change a water pump in a hurry. And then there's Karla the cook. They call her "legs." And no wonder, plus she can knock out the tucker like a *cordon bleu* chef. But would you expect

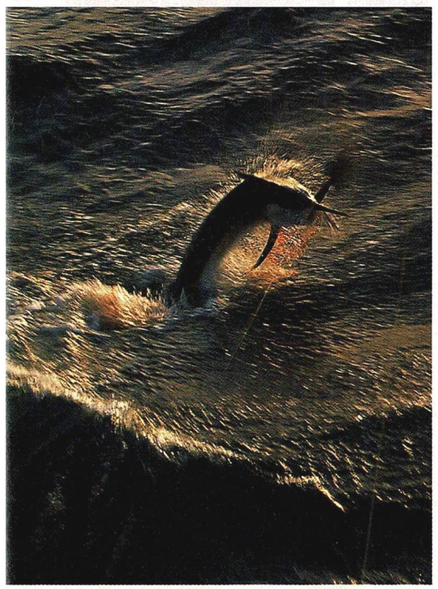




anything less on the classiest act on the reef?

The yank had been impressed when the boys caught the yellowfin tuna within minutes of getting the trolled bait lines in the water. "That'll make great sashimi," he had commented. "It'll make better live bait," I said. "Watch this."

The Californian watched in bewilderment as the deckies nose-rigged the tuna in a matter of seconds and had it back over the side where it was promptly eaten. To most people, that tuna would have



been the catch of a lifetime. But not on the Reef. Up there, big fish make big baits for huge fish. That's the way fishing is off Cairns. Everything is bigger than big. Big boats, big billfish and big bucks. It's the Formula One of fishing.

A rod and reel cost upward of $5000 and the line to fill it is another couple of hundred bucks. Charter boats of similar size to the *Reel Screamer* cost between $1800 and $2600 per day for a party of up to four to live aboard.

Mind you, that includes all your food and booze. But the fishing justifies the cost. Giant black marlin are the toughest and most spectacular animals that swim. The richest fishing tournament in the country, The Toyota Lexus Classic with $170,000 in cars and cash up for grabs, pulled 45 boats in October last year and between them they tagged and released 134 black marlin in four days of fishing. Combine that with the 159 tagged at the Lizard Island Classic a week earlier and that's nearly 300 marlin in 11 days fishing. I hasten to add that during both events only six fish were killed and all were used for research by the scientists at the Institute of Marine Science.

That first whopper we tagged and released for John was estimated at close to a grand.

Then we stuck the yank in the chair and got him a couple of nice fish up to 600lb.

On the last day I tagged and released my first 1000lb black marlin after 20 years of trying. We caught some whoppers that week and let them all go. We're proud of that. The yank went home comatose. The good ol' boys from Down Under had blown his mind. — *Paul B. Kidd*

Meet thy maker

The Australian car industry shouldn't be allowed to slip into reverse

Even as recently as two years ago, it could be argued that the Australian motor industry was no jewel worth preserving.

Build quality and paint finish were often just short of appalling, reliability problems were glaring in a couple of popular models, there was a technological gap to the imports, and sticker prices didn't show any concession to these shortfalls.

Now, a few months into 1993, the small Australian car industry (four manufacturers/seven basic models, plus derivatives and rebadged clones) has managed a remarkable turnaround.

Since the start of 1990, it has made a quantum leap forward and that improvement is ongoing.

It's ultimate survival, though, is not guaranteed and that's a tragedy. If it succumbs, Australia will lose more than a bunch of Made in Australia tags.

The motor industry is the biggest sector in Australian manufacturing. Last year Australia earned more than $1 billion in export income from locally made cars and components.

The motor industry provides jobs for nearly 70,000 people, and not all work on an assembly line.

Think about it. The motor car is the most complex mass-produced item so far produced on this planet.

It involves people with astonishingly diverse talents, bringing them together over a period of perhaps four years to create the technological wonder that is the motor car.

For many years the Australian car industry has been a fertile field for young engineers, computer boffins, stylists and safety experts.

Many are committed to the motor industry but others are attracted to other professions after doing their training with Ford, Holden, Toyota and Mitsubishi.

Without wishing to sound too jingoistic, the motor industry, on the face of it, is giving these people the chance to contribute to the nation's intellectual future.

To lose the industry is to lose a large source of intellectual property. Motor car manufacturing is the industrial base for just about every advanced country on earth (bar Switzerland, Singapore and Hong Kong).

Australia's vehicle industry is no less valuable to us even if those involved must occasionally wonder if the expenditure and effort are justified.

Who'd want to be in the car-making business? Capital expenditure is horrific, the risks great and the end-of-year books often awash in red ink. Car makers operate at the whim of

"If the Coalition has its way we'll all be buying imports . . ."

governments who may introduce/delete/reduce/increase the likes of import duty/sales tax/luxury tax/quotas/export facilitation/local content requirements/design rules.

The debate on import tariffs, or the need to do away with them, raged through much of the last half of 1992, ironically around the time that Nissan Australia became a notable casualty and five car manufacturers became four.

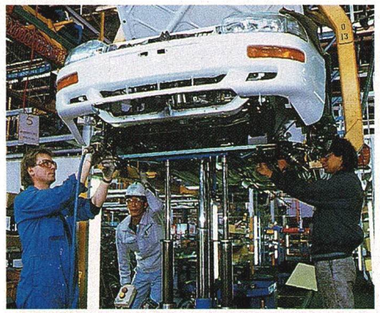
Just when the manufacturers felt they had some stability in the form of the Automotive Industry Plan to the Year 2000 implemented by the Labor Government early in 1991, along came the Coalition with its (different) ideas on how things should run.

Labor's plan called for a gradual reduction in tariffs on imported passenger cars, to a minimum of 15 percent by January 1, 2000. Under this scheme, effective only as long as Labor held sway in Canberra, duty came off by 2.5 percent.

Last year it was 35 percent; this year it was 32.5 percent ... down to 15 percent. Labor's view, and it's a rational one, is that it's too risky to allow a vital industry to operate in a totally free-trading environment.

The local car makers had reluctantly agreed to live with Labor's Car Plan, even though most say they believe survival becomes a moot point if protection drops below 20 percent.

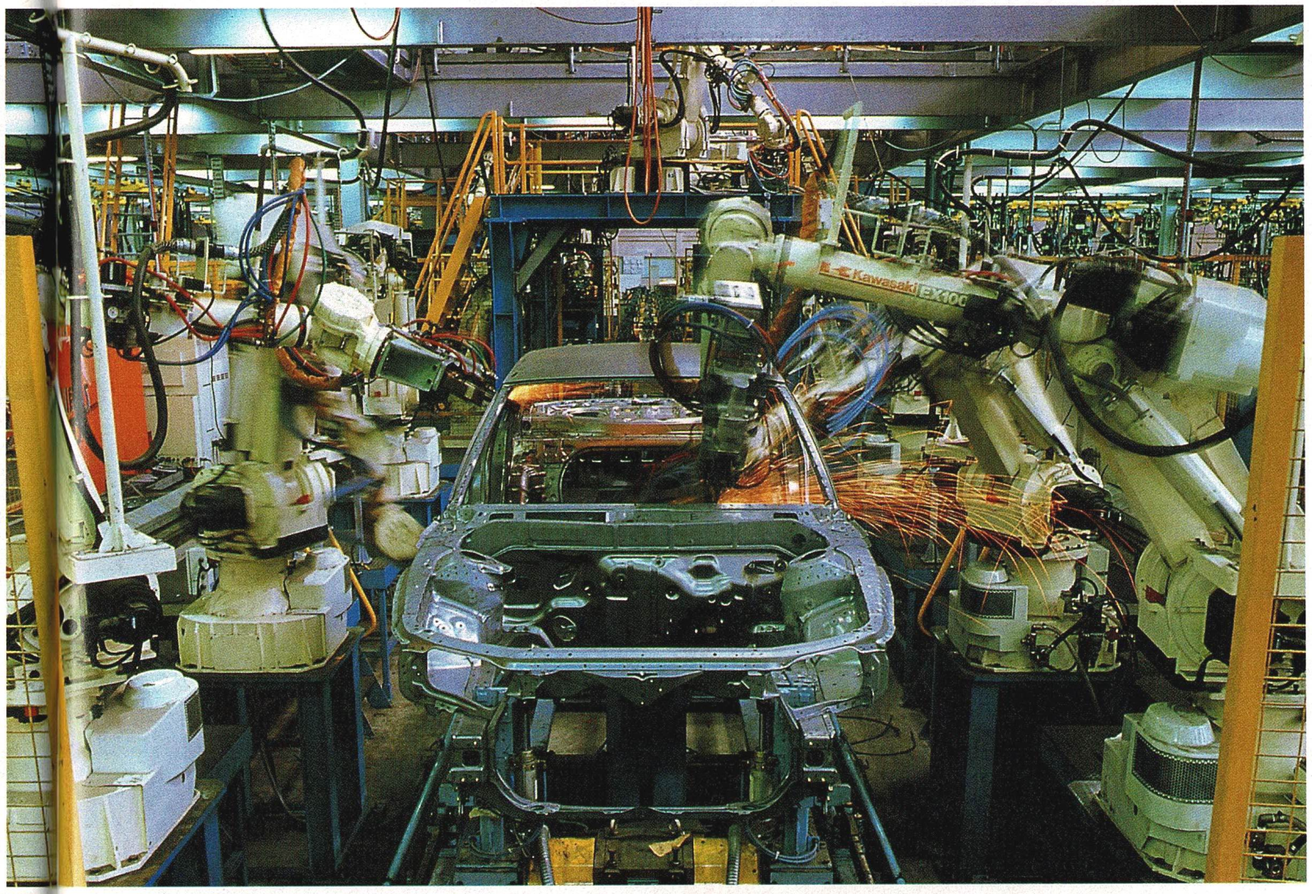
But the Coalition really upset industry titans by revealing it would no longer protect the local car makers by applying import duty to



imports.

The Coalition's approach was that protecting an industry makes it fat and lazy. Dr Hewson claimed that Australians were paying too much for local cars and that these cars are inferior to those from outside. He argued that the removal of import duties would force the Australian motor industry to lift its game and build better cars and sell them for less.

It's a line designed to strike a responsive chord in the electorate, even if it's redundant. But the Doc missed one important reality: the local cars had already improved to the point where they were often matching the imports. And Australian-made models were



astonishingly good value for money, with comparative pricing more attractive than the British and European cars.

The Coalition's insistence on pursuing a zero-tariffs policy is a dangerous gamble with much at stake. It is putting at risk the future of the nation's biggest manufacturing industry, providing jobs for Australians and with the potential to help our nagging balance of trade position.

Under the Coalition's plan we'd get clobbered by the Japanese. Wiped out. Meanwhile, with a zero tariffs doctrine hanging over their heads, no manufacturer would be prepared to invest further in Australian car manufacturing.

Plenty of pain there, no gain. The Coalition is expecting Australia's small industry to, in a matter of a few years, match the might of Japan, which has enjoyed the luxury of three decades of spectacular protection, government initiatives to ensure its expansion and access to low interest capital.

When Dr Hewson announced his policy, the men who guide Toyota, Ford, Holden and Mitsubishi came out breathing fire, arguing there is no such thing in other industrialised countries as a level playing field.

And, to be sure, that exemplar of free trade, the United States, has taken steps to allow its embattled car industry to fight back against the invaders from abroad, specifically Japan.

It has something called "voluntary import limits" on the Japanese. The European Community has introduced a 16 percent ceiling on Japanese imports, while in Japan a variety of measures hold non-Japanese car sales to less than four percent.

These protectionist measures look tame alongside the tariffs on vehicle imports in some Asian nations. Malaysia (300 percent), Indonesia and Thailand (200 percent), Korea (55 percent) and Taiwan (30 per cent) nurture their own industries by making life awkward for imports.

But let's get back to Australia and why we've seen a minor miracle in recent times. The '91 Car Plan was the kick in the backside for the industry. With reduced protection it knew it was in for a fight, and it acted. All four companies have invested

Continued on page 128

The ready reserves

Building Societies reserves are easy pickings

It's hard to make an honest quid these days. So me and my mates have been raiding the reserves of building societies and pinching the savings of the saving classes.

Building societies are cooperatives — or at least were, until they began issuing real, transferable shares. A co-op is owned by itself, its members and, unless it's like those rural co-ops where everyone puts in 100 quid and has an equal share, there is no fair way of working out who owns what of the co-op.

You could work it out over time, calculating each member's share according to the proportion their savings bore to the total for each day from the beginning of the co-op to the end. At the end of a few million calculations you'd find that, because many, if not most, members would have been net borrowers, rather than net lenders to the co-op, just a few members would be entitled to the bulk of the assets. In other words, to them who have had, shall be given even more.

What does it matter? It's the reserves, the savings co-op's savings that matter.

Issuing shares is a way of building up those reserves. Share capital, unlike depositor funds, is not refundable.

A shareholder gets his money back by selling to someone else: the issuer of the share doesn't have to buy them. That means the share capital is permanent.

These reserves have accumulated steadily over the years from "profits" and funds kept aside for emergencies. These reserves make up a substantial part of the assets of a building society.

So what happens to the reserves when the co-op issues shares, thereby changing from a co-op into a conventional company? Well, like any other entity when it issues shares, ownership of the entity belongs to the shareholders. Does that mean the members' reserves? You bet it does.

Take, for example, The Rock building society, operating out of Rockhampton in central Queensland. In 25 years of existence it built up reserves of $4.7 million which, until it issued shares, belonged to the members of the co-op that was The Rock. If The Rock went bust those reserves would be used to pay off creditors and anything left over would go to members of the co-op as at a certain date. At June 30 of each year, for five years starting from this year, one fifth of the reserves will be transferred from the reserve set aside for members to the general reserve, which is the reserve belonging to the shareholders. By 1997 the members' reserves will be down to nothing and the general reserves up at least $4.7 million.

Late last year The Rock issued eight million one dollar shares. The eight million so raised, along with the reserves, goes into to the pot accountants call shareholders' equity. You see what's happened? My one dollar has bought me one dollar of capital and a bit more of reserves.

"If the local building society issues shares, get your order in . . ."

How much? Reserves of $4.7 million divided by eight million is 58.75 cents straight away: I get about 12 a year for five years. That's capital, not dividend (which is paid from future profits not past savings). Not bad is it? A one dollar investment buys you $1.58.

There are other reasons for investing in building societies: most of them are well-run, simple, efficient businesses. They are popular and make money. They usually don't invest in hare-brained schemes. They pay good dividends.

But there is also this reserves business. Free money, I call it. If your local building society is a good one and starts talking about issuing shares, start saving and get your order in. — *David Quicksilver*

Illustration by Kerrie Leishman

TALK ABOUT PERFORMANCE!

The morning was worth waking for. Clear blue skies, ideal temperature and a winding old road to challenge all of your riding skills.

To ride this road well is the ultimate high.

And with the 1993 liquid-cooled GSX-R1100W it all came together.

Now a better machine than ever. Unbelievable power, a fantastic chassis with superb suspension and the most powerful brakes ever. It's everything you've ever wanted.

Like the GSX-R750W, it is a pure sports machine with a race track heritage a mile long.

Eventually you know you have to stop, to play it through your mind again, to talk.

Soon it's time to move on. You could take the freeway; it's quicker and easier.

But the decision is easy.

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Power to the max

Among sports bikes, the Yamaha V-MAX is a superpower

Playing with multiple G-force acceleration on the open road possesses a certain irresponsible, yet exhilarating, attraction. I had a taste of that attraction while sitting astride what is best described as a giant mechanical muscle jammed between two wheels — the Yamaha V-Max.

The Yamaha V-Max sales brochure leaves no doubts as to what this machine is all about. "The muscle car isn't extinct. It just lost two wheels." The brochure goes on to claim that their motorcycle "will outrun an F-16 right up until take-off."

We're not talking the "hang-on and let 'er rip" performance of a current 750cc sports bike here.

"The V-Max will leave a fat snake signature for the best part of 300 metres . . ."

No, we're talking absolute mongrel brute horsepower in chronic overdose quantities.

The massive 1200cc, four-valve per cylinder, V-four power-plant which powers the V-Max pumps out a jaw-slackening 110 kilowatts. When unleashed, the result is simply awesome.

Crack the throttle open in the lower gears and the massive 38cm rear tyre starts to transfer its tread to the road surface while the exhaust lets out the sort of high-pitched growl usually associated with performance V8 cars.

From a ten-tenths standing start on smooth bitumen, the V-Max will leave a fat snaking signature for the best part of 300 metres as the rear tyre and chassis make a vain attempt to deal with the overwhelming power.

Out on the open road, things don't get any easier as the Max continues to accelerate like there's no tomorrow, with your survival instinct determining the maximum speed.

The acceleration on tap from 120kph upwards has to be experienced to be believed. The acceleration doesn't let-up right past 200kph, where maintaining control is a feat in itself.

The initial impression of the V-Max is deceptive. First off, it isn't an overly large motorcycle. The seat is low, all controls are an easy reach for the average rider and there is plenty of Harley styling influence. However once the V-Max is alongside the viewer, it has a look all its own, punctuated by the massive V-configuration engine. Sitting above the motor are four, 35mm down-draft carburettors which are crowned by frame rails and a beautifully finished plastic dummy tank.

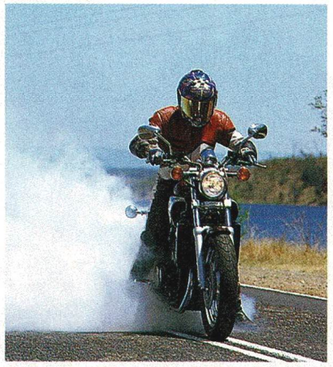
The real fuel tank sits beneath the seat. A padded rest between rider and pillion seats springs out to reveal the filler cap. The fuel range of 140km indicates the emphasis placed on styling over practicality.

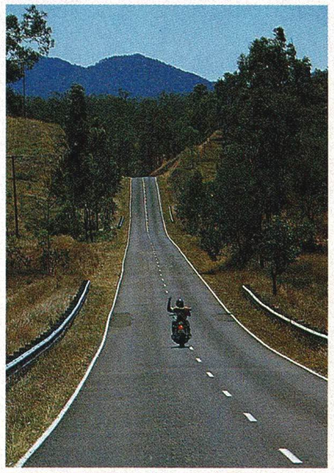
The rider sits in a plush low seat which steps up to the Harleyesque pillion perch. With the handlebars a short reach forward and wide enough to offer good leverage, the V-Max is comfortable and relaxed if you're just cruising around.

The only place where practicality has gained the upper hand is in the footrest position — the rider's pegs are set high and back to offer good leverage, which is useful when the beast is unleashed.

Capping off the "look" is a smooth, yet beefy exhaust note, which although quiet at low revs, develops into a sharp snarl at higher revs.

This is a machine of extremes.





Around town, it is surprisingly docile and beautifully smooth. It is well-balanced and relaxed in either commuting or boulevard cruising mode. The engine is very quiet at low revs and thanks to the massive amount of torque on tap, it will happily trundle along in top gear at 60kph.

When you do feel the need for more power, simply wind on the throttle a little and the V-Max responds in a smooth and predictable fashion.

The real tyre-shredding power doesn't come into the picture until the engine reaches 6000rpm. At this point, butterfly valves located in the inlet manifold open to allow each cylinder to draw fuel from two carburettors, rather than one, and the revs climb rapidly toward the 9500rpm redline.

While the V-Max deserves to be King of the boulevard, its dated chassis design contributes to somewhat suspect handling traits which eliminate it from the sports bike category. It's more a machine for gasing up in straight lines while slowing down for the corners.

An oddball motorcycle in anyone's books, the V-Max has proven to be a big hit on the international market, especially among the motorcycle trend-setters of France.

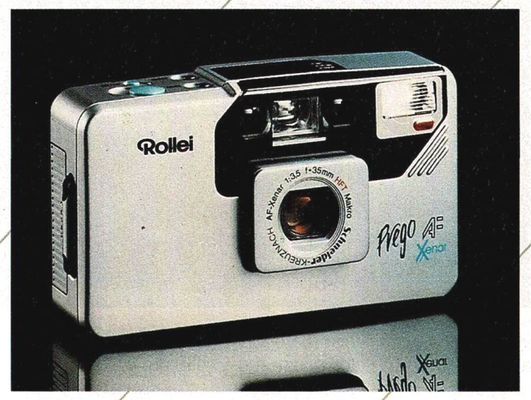
It has also been classed as an instant Japanese classic, with plenty of collectors willing to hand over the $15,500 asking price for what is undoubtedly a piece of modern motorcycling history.

And the bottom line? For those who find that too much is never enough, an optional performance kit which boosts power output to over 123 kilowatts is available on the Japanese market. Perish the thought. — *Mark Reed*

FRONT

Having proved its 'double decker' VCR hasn't resulted in wholesale piracy of video tapes, Amstrad has greatly refined the concept. The new dual deck model — tagged the DD9904 — now features side-by-side tape transports which results in a conventionally-sized unit (half the size of its predecessor). The low-profile double decker features one-touch copying, automatic tracking, built-in head cleaning, full remote control and continuous playback (which amounts to 20 hours in long play mode). The price tag for all this convenience is $999.

Finding simpler ways to program a VCR has kept the hardware designers occupied for the last decade with little success. Now Mitsubishi Electric has come up with 'one-key programming' which makes falling off a log seem pretty complicated. Everything is done with a single button assisted by step-by-step on-screen displays and making a mistake demands a rare skill. Mitsubishi has incorporated the facility into its HS-MX2 model ($569) which uses a menu system to simplify all its operations. More information from Mitsubishi Electric AWA.

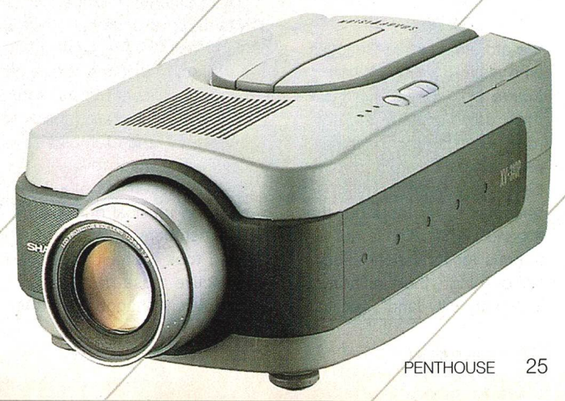


For the discerning snap-shooter, Rollei has introduced an exclusive 35mm compact camera fitted with a high-quality Xenar lens made by Schneider (a name generally associated with studio photography). The pocket-sized Prego Xenar is fully automatic including flash operation, but it has some serious specifications including a 1/500 second shutter, 180-step autofocusing and ISO 50 to 3200 film-speed range. Expect to pay around $700. Distributed by Kayell.

For telly addicts who can't bare to be parted from their favourite shows, Panasonic provides the ideal fix. The NV-FV1A combines a television receiver, 12.5 cm colour LCD screen and a VHS hi-fi stereo video recorder. All this is packed into a compact unit weighing just under three kilos and which can be either battery or mains powered. Better still, the FV1 plays back both PAL and NTSC standard tapes so imports from the USA can be viewed. Other features include on-screen displays, a real-time tape counter and stereo headphone jack. $3299 from Panasonic.

Eight is obviously good enough for Akai as the brand is the latest convert to the 8mm video format. Two Akai 8mm camcorders are currently available and they both incorporate the company's Intelligent HQ (I-HQ) system which optimises performance according to the quality and condition of the tape. The top-of-the-line PV-M04 shown here (yours for $1499) has an 8X zoom, hi-fi stereo sound, 1/10,000 second shutter, built-in titling and programmed exposure control.

Fumbling with CDs while driving can be a recipe for disaster, so Alpine has come up with an ingenious solution. Three discs are contained in a cartridge (so they're much easier to handle) which in turn slots into an in-dash player. There's no need for a separate CD stacker unit in the boot and the slim three-disc cartridges are easily stored in most centre consoles. Alpine offers a range of in-dash 3D shuttles including the new style 7525 which incorporates 4 x 30W power and a large data display. More info from Alpine Electronics Australia.



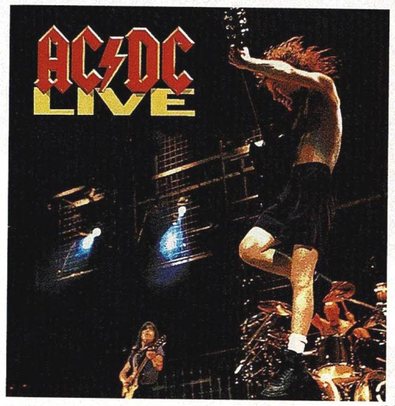
Size is important when it comes to television screens and an increasingly popular means of obtaining truly BIG pictures is the video projector. No longer monster units with equally daunting price tags, the modern LCD projector is compact and affordable. Sharp's XV-310P weighs just 4.2 kg and is about the size of a small fan heater, but it can project TV images up to 100 inches (diagonally, the biggest TV screen is about 45 inches). Rear or front projection is possible and the unit's high resolution LCD panel ensures detailed and accurately coloured images. Up to three video sources can be connected. $3499 is the bottom line from Sharp Corporation of Australia.

sounds

review

BON JOVI PROFFERS UP SOME THOUGHTFUL ADVICE

Although some famous lead guitarists are not at all well these days — technically dead or excessively relaxed — their music lives through old recordings and the renditions of others. The **Fargone Beauties** are some who have plundered the annals of rock icons. They hail from the same school of musical reverence that Weird Al Yankovic graduated from. Weird Al elevates rock and pop hits to the higher pantheons of accordion-driven polkas and



thumbs up from its authors the Troggs and gradually made it to the public ear via the likes of public mouth Doug Mulray. With considerable collective technique to draw on, their fast, furious and very loud blue-grass earns its chosen tag, especially live, of "music to lose weight by."

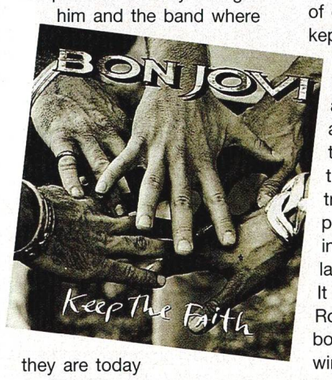
"The lads are about harmless but loud, good times. . ."

the aforementioned Beauties who claim *It's Hard When You're Ugly* (Phonogram) take them down a more country road. Their formula of faithful renditions accelerating to rapid picked "thrash country" becomes predictable but then a band like AC/DC is not famous for its variety either. "Wild Thing", their initial foray into "very silly land", got the

A guitar hero with grandeur is **Brian May** from Queen who carries on their sense of pomp but in different circumstances. May is on a personal odyssey with *Back To The Light* (EMI) and tracks covering a five year span. He allows himself some sensitive and aware moments but usually then tumbles into cavernous guitar reverie.

It has been ten months between musical drinks for the five members of Bon Jovi. The band took a break when their collective muse became completely shagged out after a few years of constant touring. Then they hit the stage in front of 60,000 people for a New Year's eve bash in Tokyo at the start of 1991. Chords were remembered and fun had. Regrouping in the Virgin Islands "without girls" (gasp!), they buried any necessary hatchets, took up their own managerial reins and vowed to experiment, at least within the parameters that helped them sell over 30 million records. Revitalised, they still *Keep The Faith* (Phonogram) with preoccupations of women, alcohol and how to achieve them (ie play in a rock band). As a result of the lengthier recording time with no 17 month, five night a week world tour looming, keyboard player David Bryan was able to indulge his textural tendencies aroused by recent film soundtrack work. Guitarist Richie Sambora, now a veteran of his own blues-based release and tour, previously had six guitar sounds per album. Here he uses that many on tracks like "Dry County." At nearly ten minutes, it is a very uncharacteristic often acoustic epic for a band famous for the wallop of their short sharp hooks. The new "introspective" Jon Bon Jovi launches full tilt into the anthem-like "I Believe" with more than a touch of the "Bono's."

Mr BJ is down on the sort of personal idolatry that got him and the band where



they are today — "Don't look up on your movie screens, in record stores or magazines...you are all you really need." Any sense of conflict of interest here is kept in perspective by the bottom line notion that the lads are here to entertain and arouse. If they can instil a bit of self-confidence in their listeners along the way then well and good. The title track takes a nod at prevailing dance grooves kept in check by some guitar largess on tracks like "Blame It On the Love Of Rock And Roll" which has the Joisey boys tilting at some classic windmills with "I'll never grow up and I'll never grow old." — *Jeremy Cook*

ACCA DACCA

AC/DC celebrate their heavy rock and roll history in a traditional manner. *AC/DC Live* (Alberts) is the band on its extensive world tour 1990-91. Always forceful in the studio, vocalist Brian Johnson has a live tone that makes Barnesy sound like a crooning balladeer. Still the visual centrepiece remains Angus Young even competing as he is with cannons, church bells and a giant inflatable naked woman. When it comes to up-front guitar hero antics he might not have written the book, but he has definitely added a chapter by getting his teeth stuck into simple but thundering riffs until he draws blood. He hard sells them to the cheering throngs with a maniacal, cheeky energy. Apart from a few moments like the heavy shuffling blues singalong about venereal disease "(She got) The Jack", they've managed to parade bravado without sleaze and even that song has a cautionary almost moralistic message about the supposed preferred hobby of rock gods. This is probably because the lads are about harmless but loud, good times and playing for their audience and not at them.

"Not bad, but they could have tortured it a bit longer . . . "

FRONT
film
review

JACK LEMMON AND AL PACINO BATTLE FOR DOLLARS

Salesmen gone mad is the simple, but strangely entertaining, theme for **Glengarry Glen Ross**, starring Al Pacino and Jack Lemmon. Set in a small Chicago real estate office, a consultant (Alec Baldwin) determined to get sales figures

rising announces a sales contest. First prize is a Cadillac Eldorado, second prize is that time-honoured set of steak knives and third prize is unemployment.

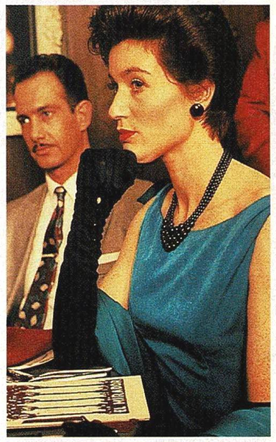
What is also on offer, though, is some bogus real estate at a place called Glengarry Highlands, a large area of swampy wetland. Lemmon, Pacino, Alan Arkin and Ed Harris enjoy a smooth and comfortable chemistry on screen. The story builds to a robbery at the real estate office (now where did that one come from?) When detectives examine the scene they realise it was an inside job.

The first half of the film is moody and intense. A lot of low lighting, and shadows create an almost poetic feel. It doesn't have a feel-good message nor is it a tragedy in the classic sense that everyone understands why certain things happen. Intense and well

"The Last Of The Mohicans is a definite modern day classic. . ."

packaged. **1/2

A strange concoction with elements of *Buck Rogers In The 25th Century* and Woody Allen's *Sleeper*, **Forever Young** is an easy-to-watch film that's not too hard on the heart-strings. T
in 1939 and i
test pilot Da
(Mel Gibson) — a man in
control of his life. Successful in his career (a B52 pilot for the newly formed Air Corps) and his love life (childhood sweetheart Helen played by Isabel Glasser), his problem is an emotional one. Thinking about his emotions, much less declaring them publicly, makes him shudder in fear. Thus, his plan to pop the question to his bride-to-be is delayed and delayed again. Tragedy strikes and the couple are separated, causing a grief-stricken Daniel to volunteer for a top secret cryogenics experiment — an experiment that puts him in frozen slumber for more than 50 years. He awakens in 1992 alone and out of step. He makes friends with a fatherless boy (Elijah Wood) and the boy's mother (Jamie Lee Curtis) but the most traumatic experience is his reunion with Helen. *Forever Young* is a well-packaged film with many elements — it is, however, principally about relationships. Mel Gibson, while putting in a fine performance as the pilot out of step with time, doesn't quite measure up to the



performances in his career highlights such as *Hamlet*. Nonetheless, a worthwhile film.***

The **Last Of The Mohicans** is a powerful epic set during the war raging between England and France and each side's Indian allies, across the frontier beyond Albany, New York. The film is the love story of frontiersman Hawkeye (Daniel Day-Lewis) and Cora Munro (Madeleine Stowe). Hawkeye is the adopted son of a Mohican, Chingachgook (Russell Means), and Cora is the daughter of a British officer. When they become lovers, the fates of their families are sealed and the impending threat of war overshadows any happiness they had hoped for. *The Last Of The Mohicans* has strong elements of an epic. It is a lavishly visual film which features extraordinary photography and wild-land sequences sure to make it a firm Oscar contender. The *Last Of The Mohicans* is a definite modern day classic. *** — *Ford Buchanan*

LOVE IN LIMBO

Acclaimed young actor Russell Crowe makes a diverse but rich return to the screen from *Romper Stomper*, starring in the comedy Love In Limbo. The film plays with the icons and the social morals of 1957, when sex was a very dirty word. Craig Adams stars as Ken Riddle a 15-year-old with a love of art and a rampant libido — his problem is that his knowledge of the female form is theoretical not practical. He gets a job in his uncle's factory and teams up with his two new workmates Arthur (Russell Crowe) and Barry (Aden Young). Together they head for the brothels of Kalgoorlie but Ken makes the discovery that the reality of loveless sex isn't all it's cracked up to be. This is a comedy of such volatile and frothy proportions, it's sure to become a classic in the same vein as the off-beat but highly entertaining *Strictly Ballroom*. *Love in Limbo* won't be remembered as the crowning achievement in anyone's career, but it should shape up as the comic Australian hit of 1993. A winner.**

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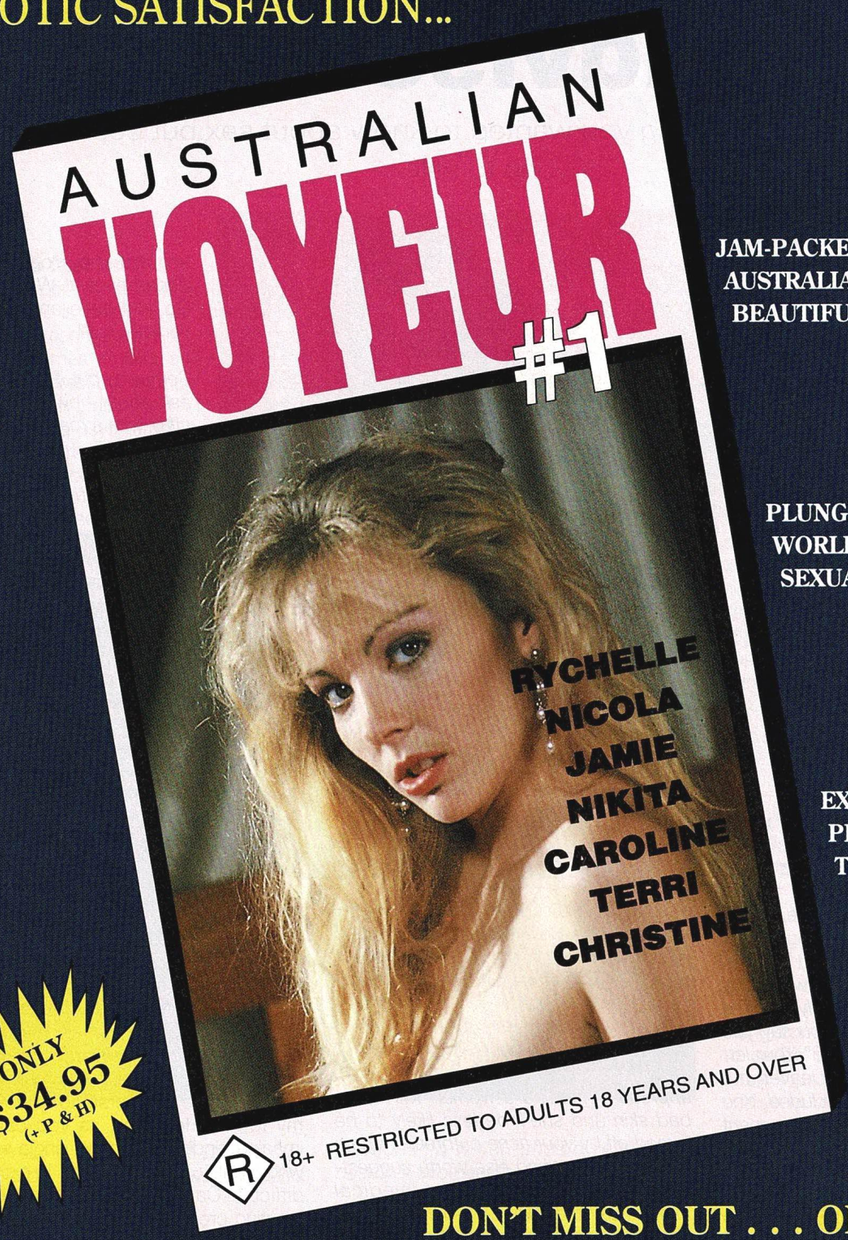

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candid counsel on everything you wanted to know about sex but couldn't find anyone to ask

Prime cuts

I am a 20-year-old male with a couple of concerns which you may be able to help me with. I am uncircumcised and not overly proud of it. A few months ago (God knows why it wasn't 20 years ago), a friend suggested I go see a doctor to have some of my foreskin removed (something he had done around my age). He said it would increase my sexual pleasure. Naturally I am interested in finding out more, even though I already thoroughly enjoy sex. I also suffer from a very tender (red and sore) foreskin and penis head after heavy sex or masturbation and I wonder whether without a foreskin this problem would be solved. Is it possible (and not too painful) to get "snipped" by the local GP? Where can I go for a quick, cheap treatment if a GP is unable to perform such a task?

This sort of thing is best answered by your own doctor. But probably the first thing he will ask you when you say you want a circumcision is, "Why?" Your letter is interesting for what it leaves out rather than what you have included. You say that you are not proud of your uncut dick. Is there some reason why you'll be proud of a circumcised dick? You now want to have a circumcision because your friend suggested it. Do you do everything your friend suggests? You wonder if circumcision is painful. Why not ask your friend with all the good advice, because this seems to be one aspect of adult circumcision that he decided not to tell you about.

Head to head

I'm a 23-year-old male and have had this problem for five years. Within one to two days of having sex I break out in acne. The amount of acne depends on the amount of sex I have had. The more I get, the more I get, so to speak. I have tried all the off-the-shelf products and mild treatments of antibiotics. Why would this happen? How do I stop this crap? (Women find it a bit hard finding me attractive with a face full of pus!)

Well sorry to tell ya pal, but the only way to stop getting the acne, is to stop rooting. If you don't want to take this approach then find a woman with really bad skin and she'll be less likely to be turned off by your acne outbreaks. There could be something else worth suggesting to your doctor. Some medical experts say that skin conditions such as acne are caused by fluctuating levels of testosterone (male sex hormone) in the body. But your doctor is really the one to speak to about this.

Meat market

I am a 23-year-old Australian male, with an above average sex drive. I don't have any problems finding or becoming very close to my girlfriends. Unfortunately, I have a slight obsession with married women. I have never had an affair, basically because I don't know how to initiate one. This is why I am writing to you. Surely there is more to it than hanging around the frozen meat department at Woolworths. Do you have any suggestions for me?

Sorry pal, but if you have to ask about how to have an affair with a married woman, then you're not the right stuff anyway. These are delicate situations with few rules and many pitfalls. The only way you can make an affair with a married woman work is by having total confidence in what you are doing. As for good places to meet married women, you're right, there should be more places than the supermarket, although there are few places as effective. Other settings for pouncing on married women are the delicatessen, tennis courts, horse riding schools, outside kindergartens and yacht clubs.

Foetal attraction

I'm extremely excited by pregnant women. There's something about their overall demeanour that makes me so excited I can barely contain myself. The further advanced they are, the more it excites me. This in itself is no great problem, because I understand and accept my fetish. However, as you can well imagine, finding pregnant, single women who want to engage in sex is extremely difficult. Can you offer any advice on meeting pregnant women. Are there any clubs for blokes who like this type of thing?

We haven't heard of clubs that cater for pregnant women who want to fuck. This doesn't mean there's anything wrong with you.
There are many men who are sexually attracted to pregnant women, and it's common to hear a pregnant woman described as having a "glow" about her. The best advice we have is to place some ads in your local newspaper's personal columns and see who's out there. Never know your luck.

Pulling a fast one

I am 40-years-old and I've never married. My problem is when I want to have sex with a girl I can't achieve an erection. My penis becomes smaller and I ejaculate without an erection, although I get a full erection when I masturbate. I have asked doctors and a psychiatrist, but they have all said that there is nothing wrong with me. What is your opinion and what can I do?

Firstly, this is not your problem. This is a problem your girlfriend has. Secondly, she's obviously not telling you something — either about her feelings on sex or a physical problem she may have. Getting some candour from this woman should be your second priority. Thirdly, tell her to see a doctor and get something done about this.
You seem to be taking all the burden on your own shoulders which is unfair in a relationship which should reflect the needs of two people.

filial attraction

Help. I'm a 23-year-old woman with a problem. I have been seeing a 38-year-old man for several years now and we love each other so much that recently we became engaged. The problem is this: my fiancee's son, Tony, is 18 and gorgeous! We only met recently when we announced the engagement. I had not met Tony previously because he stays with his mother. But as soon as we met and had a few wines together it became obvious that there was something between us that was anything but platonic. We haven't done anything yet, but something will definitely happen in the future if we keep being exposed to each other. I also know it will only be a matter of time before my fiancee realises that there is something between me and his son. The biggest problem is that I've started to wish that it was Tony's cock inside me instead of my fiancee's when we make love. What can a girl do? Help, please.

You can do anything — maybe that's your problem. You could have sex with Tony and never do it again. You could go ahead and marry your fiancee and keep your desire for his son secret. You could carry on a lifelong affair with Tony behind his father's back or you could talk with this Tony character and get a few things straight. At the end of the day, it's your call and if your love for your fiancee is so weak that you don't trust yourself to keep your hands off his son, then don't get married. This sort of advice is not fashionable, but to sleep with Tony would be a selfish act that would undermine a relationship between father and son.

My opinion is that you and your doctor would know a lot more about your penis than I do.

Dry heaves

Okay, I've tried every technique in every woman's magazine for exciting my girlfriend to the point of sufficient lubrication for sex. But nothing works. I've tried massage, cunnilingus, manual stimulation of both the clitoris and the vagina. Whatever I do she's as dry as a midsummer's day on the Nullarbor. I know that lubricants should solve the problem but the idea of squeezing some chemical concoction all over the place does tend to take the romance and spontaneity out of it all. Any suggestions to break the drought?

Big fella

I am a 19-year-old male with a small problem, or rather a large one. My girlfriend and myself are separated by distance, but as often as possible, (approx every 2-3 weeks) we see each other. When we do get together, we enjoy a little build up before sex — oral mainly — but when we finally get stuck into it, she's finding that she is getting sore. We have tried different positions, she has even gone to two doctors about it, but they all tell her to try and squeeze her inner-muscles as much as possible. This has failed "painfully" on many occasions. This has never happened to her with past boyfriends. She keeps telling me that I have a huge cock and she is still really keen to "climb aboard." I love this girl and I still want to have sex with her, although I don't feel good about hurting her. And what's more, the time it takes until she can't handle the pain is getting shorter — like 10 to 15 minutes tops. What can we do?

This is one of those physical problems that many couples have. If you have a big penis then you should proceed carefully with any woman you have intercourse with. Since you love this girl perhaps you could find a different way of fucking so you both still have the pleasure but she doesn't suffer the pain. You could try not penetrating as far as you have been and introduce some water-based lubricants such as K-Y jelly and Wetstuff. These are obvious remedies but it's hard to know what else you can do.

Childhood fears

I'm a single guy with a fairly active sex life and I am thoroughly satisfied with that aspect of my life. The problem is that I can't sustain a relationship and that I find myself getting alternatively attracted and revolted by the attention I get in a steady ongoing commitment. I've basically had enough of my single days bouncing along from fling to fling but I can't seem to settle down. A few months ago, I sought professional help on the issue and went to a psychiatrist for regression therapy. What this uncovered was a long buried memory I had of being abused by my aunt when I was very young. Having acknowledged this, I need to know where to go from here to maintain a normal, healthy, loving relationship.

The first step in maintaining a normal, healthy, loving relationship is this: lose the shrink. For God's sake man, how do you establish simple things like trust and friendship when you're wrenching things out of your soul for some stranger who charges by the hour. If you are going to settle down and form a strong relationship with another human being then you have to start by giving something of yourself to that person rather than to the shrink. Stop thinking about yourself so much and the rest will follow.

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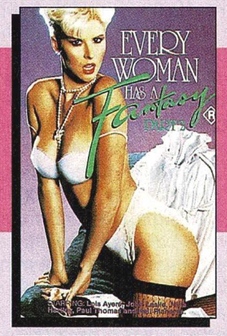

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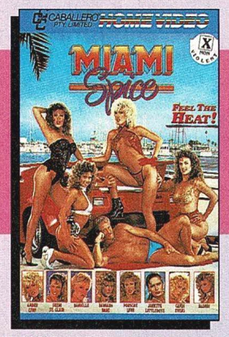

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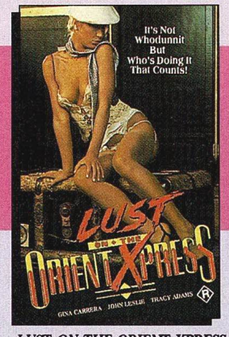

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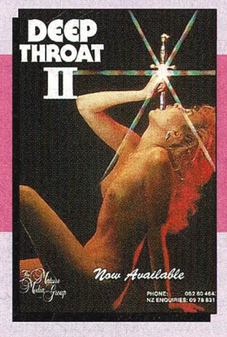

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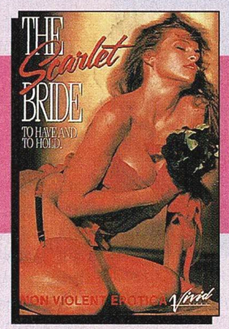

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be my GUEST

PHOTOGRAPHY BY DONALD MILNE

Joanna Guest makes no bones about being a sexual extrovert. This 24-year-old dancer says she has made love in situations that would shock even the most worldly of punters.

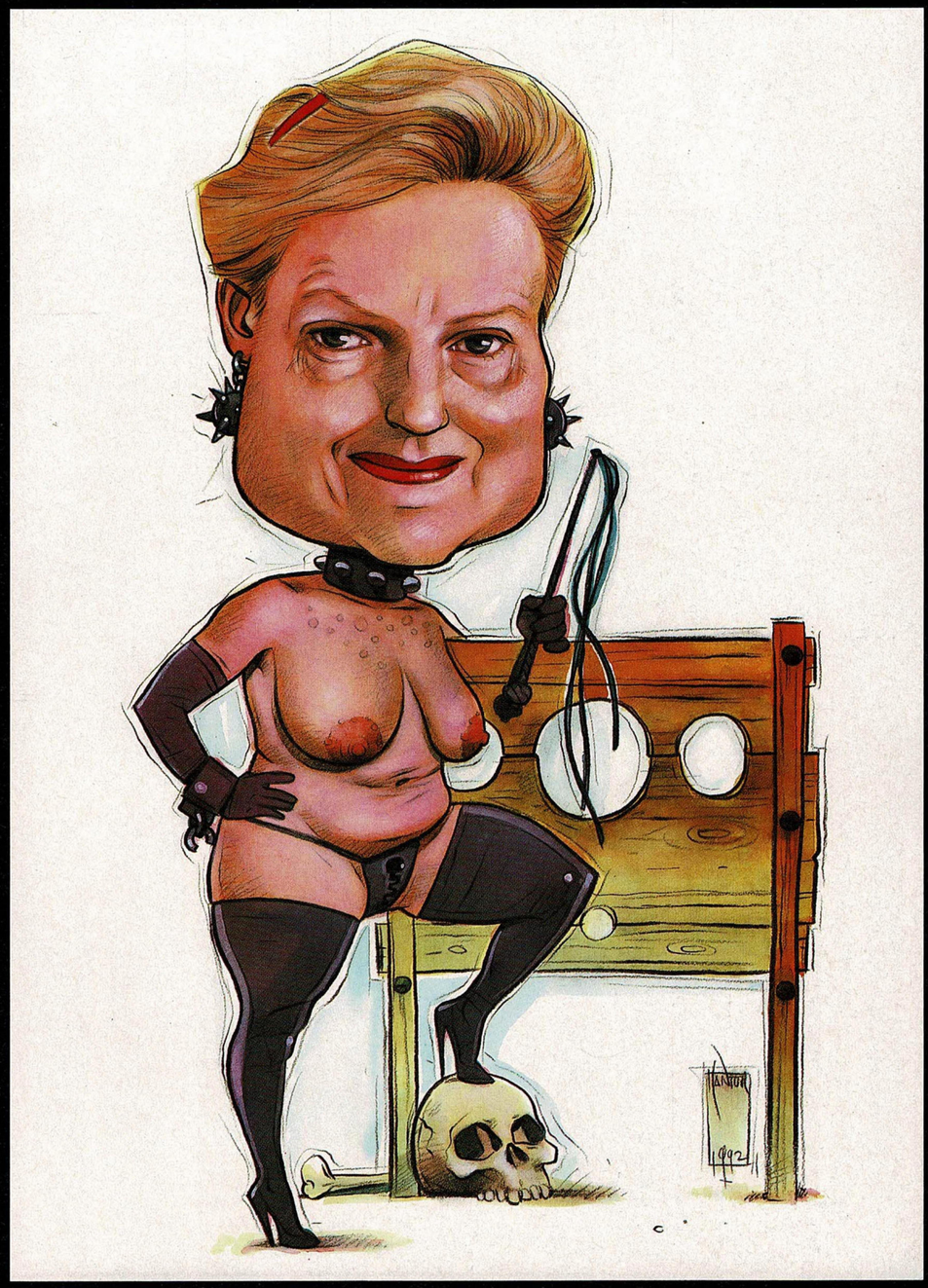
"Once," she admits wryly, "my boyfriend at the time and I did it in the standing-room section of a crowded peak-hour train. It was all very discreet and our clothes were mostly on but being tightly surrounded by people and having sex in a rocking train carriage was an incredible turn-on."
Joanna is not the kind of girl to beat around the bush and she says that if she wants a man physically, she has no qualms about letting him know.

"Often I'll see a chap who I'd really like to make love with and I tell him exactly that. I believe that if you are open about your intentions from the start, people don't misread the signs."

When she's not playing the temptress, Joanna spends her time in the dance studio working on her technique. The hours of arduous work have certainly paid off with Joanna being offered dance work all over the world.

The constant exercise has also given Joanna a body worth a standing ovation.

KANTOR'S



CELEBRITY SKINS

Bronwyn Bishop

PATERNITY WARS

In Australia, divorce is a battle men can't win

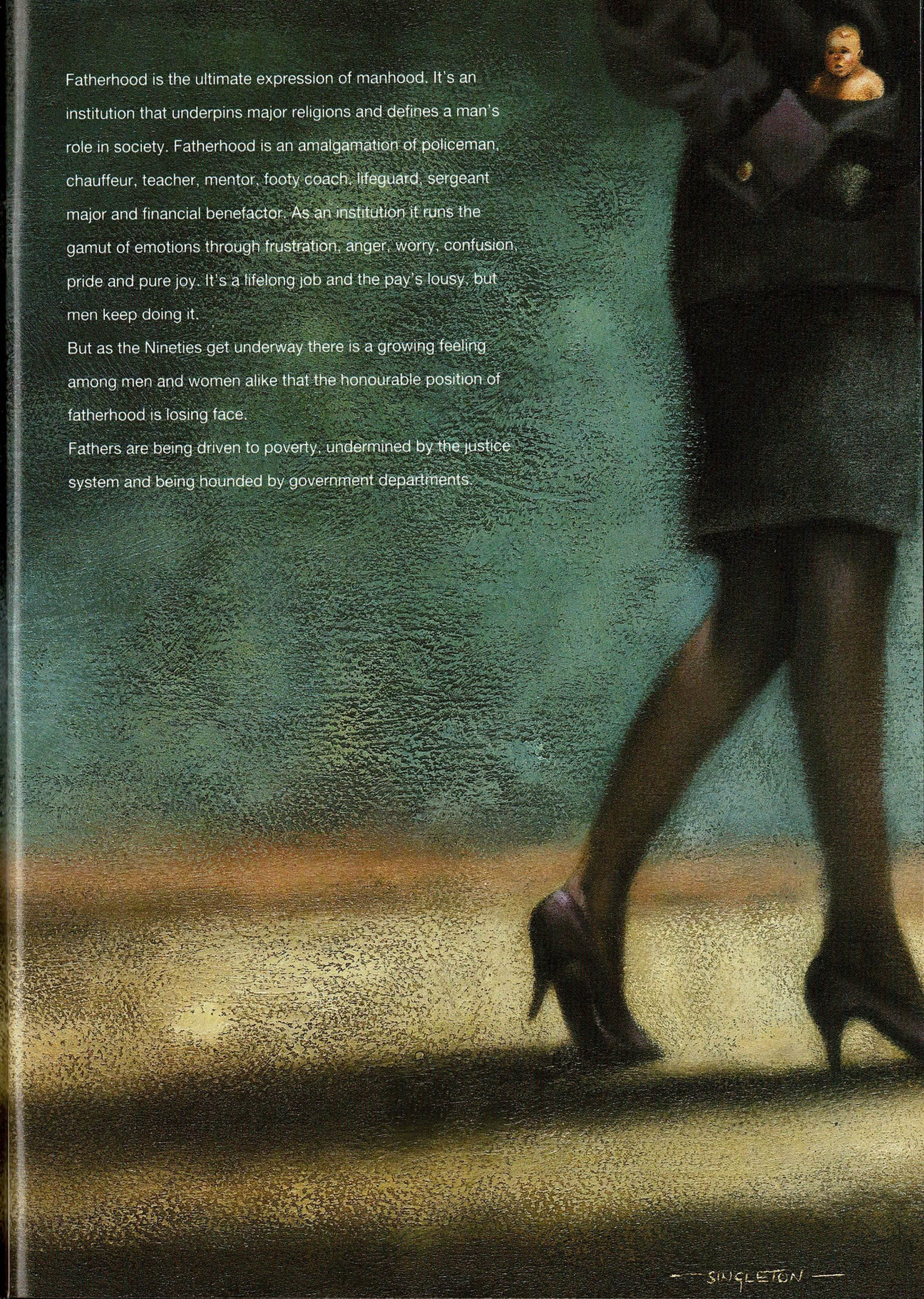
BY MARK ABERNETHY

ILLUSTRATION BY CAMERON SINGLETON

Fatherhood is the ultimate expression of manhood. It's an institution that underpins major religions and defines a man's role in society. Fatherhood is an amalgamation of policeman, chauffeur, teacher, mentor, footy coach, lifeguard, sergeant major and financial benefactor. As an institution it runs the gamut of emotions through frustration, anger, worry, confusion, pride and pure joy. It's a lifelong job and the pay's lousy, but men keep doing it.

But as the Nineties get underway there is a growing feeling among men and women alike that the honourable position of fatherhood is losing face.

Fathers are being driven to poverty, undermined by the justice system and being hounded by government departments.



Paternity

Fathers are being arrested, bullied, manipulated and psychologically destroyed by a system that statistically discriminates against them.

There are 44,000 divorces in this country every year which means that one in three first marriages fail and one in two second marriages go belly up. Almost 80 percent of divorces and separations are instigated by women, but men only get custody of their children in 20 percent of divorces. Ninety percent of child support payments from the Child Support Agency are made by fathers, levied at a rate of 18 percent for one child or 32 percent for three. These payments are enforced with an iron fist. The Child Support Agency can enforce payments by garnishing the father's bank accounts, wages and contract pay cheques — the CSA can seize a father's assets if he does not pay.

But a woman who will not comply with access orders and let her former husband see his children will not be punished because the Family Court is reluctant to enforce its own orders.

If a non-custodial father wants to assert his access or custodial rights in the Family Court he must face the fact that between 60 and 75 percent of fathers lose access and custody cases.

According to the Lone Fathers Association Australia (LFAA), the percentage of fathers who make it to court only to lose doesn't represent how anti-father the family justice system really is. LFAA surveys suggest up to 80 percent of divorcing fathers are advised by their lawyers not to litigate custody in the Family Court because they would be wasting the thousands of dollars it costs to take a former spouse to court. If a father does decide to become one of the seven percent who takes his custody case to court, the financial burdens can be crippling. The Australian Institute of Family Studies says the average Family Court litigation of three days will typically cost each party $15,000. Other sources say three days in court are more likely to cost each party between $20,000 and $30,000. Legal Aid is available in the Family Court, but a quick survey by phone of the Legal Aid Commissions in WA and Queensland indicate that divorcing mothers are more likely than men to receive aid at a rate of about three to one. In WA alone, the Men's Confraternity says 79 percent of the Family Court Legal Aid budget goes to women. Again, it's men who are the losers. Given that the numbers are, literally, stacked against them, it is not surprising that men are starting to ask why fathers seem to get such a bad deal from the family law system.

" Whose turn is it to be GRIM? "

In a world that has brought us women's rights, Aboriginal rights, rights of children, animal rights, prisoners' rights, homosexual rights and the right to freedom of worship; the rights of fathers do not exist.

A growing number of disaffected fathers have urged several Government bodies to recognise paternity issues.

Last year the Commonwealth Ombudsman reported in caustic terms on the administration of the Child Support Agency after this much-maligned department of the Tax Office became the most complained about body in the Commonwealth bureaucracy. The CSA is the department that takes money from non-custodial parents and gives it to custodial parents.

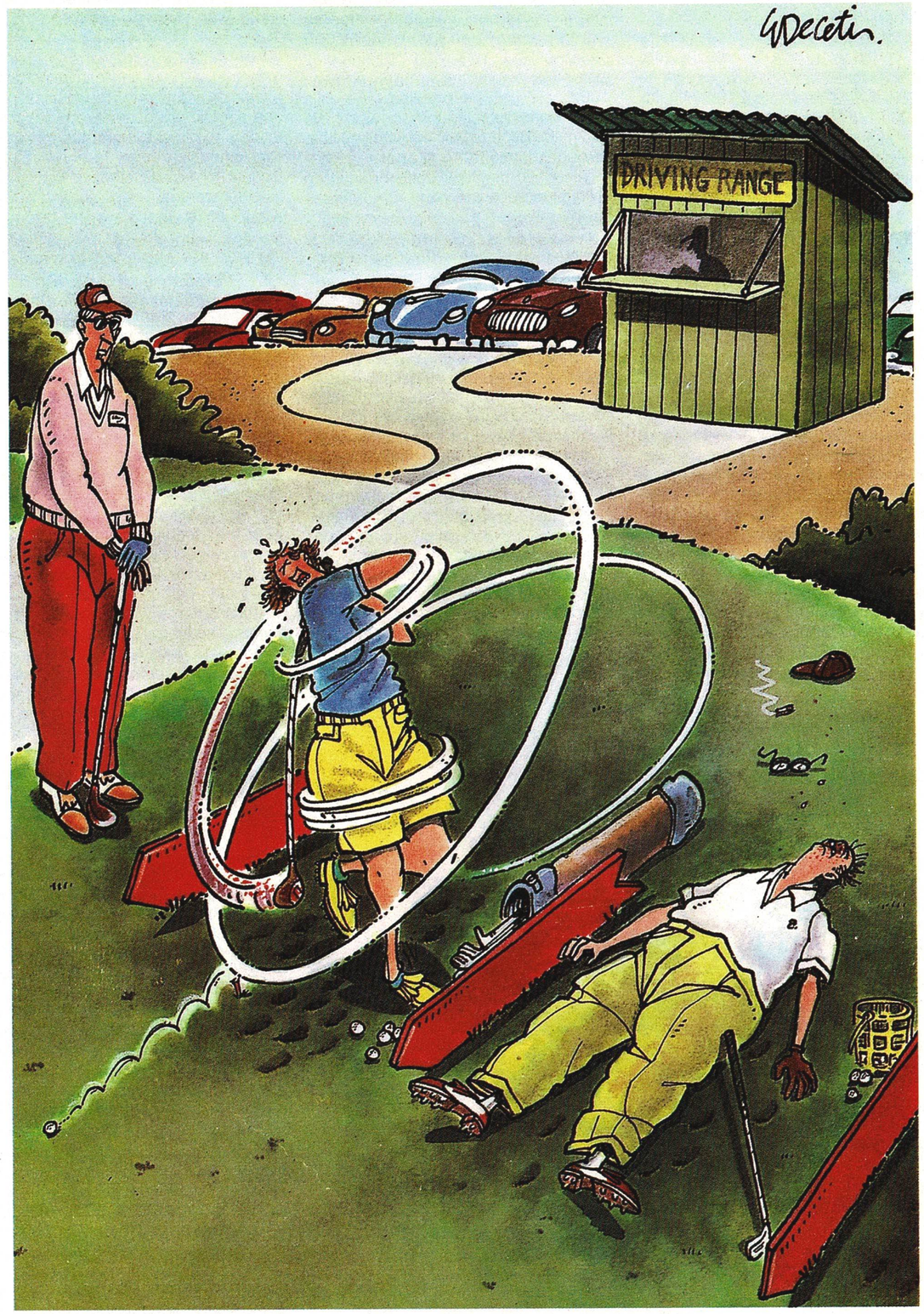
A Parliamentary Joint Committee sat in Canberra through 1992 and in late November reported on the operation of the 1975 Family Law Act. The Committee's report ran to 450 pages and included 120 recommendations, many of which had the effect of calling for fathers to get a better deal from the justice system, especially in the areas of property settlement and access to children. The Joint Committee received 1031 submissions; 300 submissions is considered massive in a typical Parliamentary Committee.

In June last year the Family Court of Australia released its own report into non-custodial fathers' access to their children. The report found that over half of the fathers surveyed had breakdowns with their access arrangements and that 92 percent of fathers wanted access to be increased or decided by the children rather than the mother or courts.

Fathers' groups are proliferating around the country with the surprise element being the number of women who are now actively pushing for paternity rights — for fathers to get a better deal from the Family Court. In the United States, "second wives" have become a major political lobby group. In South Australia, the constitutional legitimacy of the Child Support Agency is being challenged in court on the grounds that the Tax Office has no right to collect anything that is not a debt to the Commonwealth. In March of 1992, a large crowd of men and women marched on the WA Parliament in Perth to demand a fair go for men in the family law system.

It's an issue that won't go away until it is addressed properly. The present system does not work for men. Paternity rights is set to become a major social issue in the 1990s.

Barry Williams is the president of the Lone Fathers Association Australia. He found out about paternity rights the hard way. As a war veteran with extensive injuries, he became a lone father of three in the early Seventies after his wife left him. The welfare authorities of the day



"That's certainly a healthy swing you've got there, Mrs. Rizzo. . . ."

Paternity

decided that a man couldn't raise children on his own and attempted to take his children. After repelling welfare workers by barricading himself in his house, he found he had other problems. He couldn't collect the Supporting Parent benefit because he was a father, not a mother. He railed against various government departments for several years while raising three kids and trying to hold down a job. The crunch came in 1976 when Williams says he was about to go broke as a single parent. Desperate and peeved at his lack of legal status as a single father, he staged a four-day hunger strike outside Parliament House in Canberra. "People thought I was crazy — I was ignored for most of the time. Then one afternoon Malcolm Fraser came down to my tent to have a chat. He was concerned at what I told him. That evening I got a hand-delivered note from the Prime Minister's Office. It said that the Supporting Parent benefit legislation had just been changed to include single fathers and invited me to apply for the benefit the next day."

From those humble beginnings, the Williams-led Lone Fathers Association has risen to become one of the fastest growing lobby groups in Australia. There are 5000 members nation-wide and the LFAA is now called to sit on family law advisory panels and discussion groups. The one-person national office in Canberra received just under 7000 phone calls in 1991 and Williams was expecting a thousand more once the 1992 calls had been tallied. The calls come from divorcing fathers who have two major gripes: (1) financial ruin, either through devastating property settlements, court and legal costs or crippling child support payments. (2) Child access problems that can include outright access denial and access avoidance by the custodial mother through to malicious domestic violence complaints and false sexual abuse allegations.

Other calls come from fathers who need counselling for rage or depression and Williams has personally talked five separate fathers out of suicide. "There were 51 suicides of fathers directly related to child access disputes in 1991 — it's the sort of statistic that is not fashionable to talk about at the moment."

On the other side of the continent, Mike Ward of the Men's Confraternity group has equally unfashionable figures that say a third of male suicides are directly related to Family Court decisions.

There are many specifics in complaints about the way family law works in this country, but Williams says the underlying concern of fathers is their lack of social or legal rights when it comes to their own children and homes.

The typical scenario for divorce in this country will see the woman end the marriage, keep the children, get 18 percent of the father's wage for one child (32 percent for three) and get 60 percent of matrimonial property. The father's end of the bargain will generally involve having access to his children at the rate of one weekend every fortnight and half of the school holidays. But the custodial mother is still in control. Despite having a Family Court order that says the father has access to his children, the mother can deny access whenever she wants. This, of course, is contempt of a Commonwealth Court. But the Family Court is reluctant to enforce its own orders, effectively putting the non-custodial father at the mercy of the custodial mother.

Breaching access orders is overwhelmingly the issue that fathers want to talk about when they contact groups like Lone Fathers, Parents Without Partners and Men's Confraternity. Williams says the complaints from men that their former wives breach access orders whenever they feel like it, have become so common that "it's like a broken record".

The Family Court itself admits that more than half of non-custodial fathers have problems with access arrangements. The typical story from non-custodial fathers goes like this: a fortnightly access arrangement for the father is thwarted by the custodial mother saying the children are sick. This is the third access weekend in a row where the kids have been "sick". The father goes to his lawyer who tells him to forget about taking it to court because the Family Court won't enforce a father's access rights and generally won't punish a custodial parent for obstructing them.

Several women's groups that agreed to speak to *Penthouse* denied there was an access problem for fathers and said that it was a case of mothers looking after the interests of their children. A spokesperson from the Prime Minister's Office Advisory Council on Women said while some men may have a legitimate gripe with access denial, the problem for many women was the frequency of violence from the former husband at "handover" of the children.

This is not an attitude shared by the Joint Committee reporting on the Family Law Act 1975. In its report, tabled in Parliament in late November 1992, the Joint Committee took the Family Court to task over enforcement of access orders. It recorded the fact that several hundred submissions had been received on the subject.

The Joint Committee went on to say: "Many submissions expressed outrage at the fact that while default on a maintenance order is immediately penalised and enforcement action taken, enforcement of access orders is almost non-existent." And well they might be outraged. When judges from the Family Court appeared before the committee, their comments did not do much for fathers' confidence in the legal system: "Judges of the Court who appeared before the Committee could not remember one instance of a women being jailed in relation to contravention of access orders."

This observation was offensive to some fathers when compared to the fact that in the space of a year, in NSW alone, 377 fathers were in jail for non-compliance of maintenance orders.

Even police representation at the Committee gave the Family Court a pasting for the way breach of access is treated. The Police Commissioner's Advisory Group (PCAG) said that in relation to breaches of court orders: "In most cases offenders are treated with 'kid-gloves' and either no penalty or totally inadequate penalties are imposed."

The PCAG said that police were getting many complaints from non-custodial parents who wanted their access orders enforced by the police because the Family Court had done "very little to resolve repeated breaches of such orders."

Even Family Court Chief Justice Alistair Nicholson referred to the public attitude to the Court enforcing access orders: "I had a letter yesterday from some person complaining about the Court's failure to enforce access orders ... he had not actually made an application to enforce an access order because his solicitor had told him it was a waste of time. That intrigued me somewhat."

The Joint Committee recommended making order enforcement procedures cheaper, faster, more accessible and placing the onus on the mother to prove there was a reasonable cause for her breaching the access order.

It sounds nice, but enforcing access orders and punishing the offending mother is probably a long way off. The same recommendations and subsequent law changes were heralded six years ago after The Australian Law Reform Commission published a report on the Family Court of Australia's enforcement of its own orders. The report made the argument that: "It is important to narrow the gap between the expectations between the aggrieved access parents, who understandably believe that breaches of an order will attract effective sanctions, and the realities which at present confront them when their contempt applications come before them."

The ALRC was joined by the Family Law Council in its recommendations and in 1989 the Family Law Act was amended to include a section increasing the sentencing options available to judges in dealing with breaches of access orders.

That the enforcement of access orders and punishment of breaches was still an issue three years later at the Joint Committee sittings, indicates that recommendations, studies, reports, petitions, law changes and criticism have little effect on Family Court judges.

Denial of access by the mother is still the number one complaint of fathers who contact the CSA. The agency takes between 4000 and 7000 calls a day around the country, and spokesperson Lydia Buchtmann says most of the male gripes centre on the question of why they have to pay money when they can't have access.

Lone Fathers NSW spokesman, Ken Pierce, has been dealing with the divorce industry since 1961 and believes that if fathers are getting a raw deal from the system, it isn't because the law is at fault.

"The Family Law Act itself is not anti-father. It provides for an equitable sharing of matrimonial property and necessary provisions that non-custodial parents must contribute financially to the raising of the child. The problem for some fathers is that there are judges who may be socially out of touch — judges who believe that women are the natural parent and that they should always have the benefit of the doubt. For some judges Feminism never happened; they are treating Nineties issues from a 1950s perspective — and men suffer."

Pierce says judges represent the end result of the Family Court system, but other factors contribute to the anti-father attitude of the divorce process.

He says that many separating couples are referred by the Court for Family Court counselling. "The Family Court counsellors are female at a rate of more than eight to one. We get a lot of men saying that what was meant to be a counselling session turned into support for the wife at the man's expense — the typical view from men is that the woman counsellor was hostile and didn't listen to what they had to say."

Family Court lawyers are trained for an adversarial court process rather than conflict resolution, Pierce says. It is lawyers who can inflame a marital separation by taking control of a woman's case and telling her what she can "get" from her former husband. He says he also deals with divorced women who are remorseful about allowing their former husbands to be emotionally and financially destroyed in the divorce. With the right lawyer, women are now finding that they can get half of their former husbands' superannuation packages as well as 60 percent of other property. But the super is divided on what it will be worth when the man retires, so some divorcing

Continued on page 106

" Take thirty-two of these and sue me in the morning."

" Occasionally, amid the hustle and bustle of office routine, an employee goes unrewarded. But not this time! "

MY BLUE *heaven*

PHOTOGRAPHY BY DENYS DEFRANCESCO

When Lena turned 21 a few years ago, she inherited a fortune that has made her very wealthy. Nowadays she spends her time travelling the world living an endless summer.
Lena's hobbies include painting, sketching and sculpting and she says she's fascinated by the human form.

"On the one hand nudity is such a powerful testament to the sheer beauty of the shape of a body, but on the other hand I can't deny the sexual attraction of it all."
Lena flits about the globe and is never really sure where she's going to be at any given time. One thing is for sure, she'll be where the sun is.
"I can't understand how people can live in cold climates, there's nothing like the sun against your naked skin. Once you've made love under a clear Caribbean sky, you'll know what I mean."

The jet-setting blonde with the sultry pout and a killer body says that at the moment she is single but would like nothing more than to find a man to travel with, her shout of course. "I'm just never sure that men aren't simply after me for my money."
We think you'll agree that Lena most definitely possesses a host of other attractions.

BY DAVID HELLABY

King Con

Despite debts of nearly ten million dollars, Donald Fleming is still doing business.

The businessman sat engrossed, religiously taking in each word as the President of the United States addressed the select, invitation-only audience of devout Christians. Among the 3500-strong audience gathered at the Washington Hilton to hear Ronald Reagan were leaders of industry, United States Congressmen and church leaders. The invitation in the pocket of the businessman's $1000 suit gave his name as Mr Donald Fleming of South Australia. Ten thousand kilometres away, Donald Brownlie Fleming's name was being put out on an invitation of a very different kind. It was the kind he could not refuse — invitations to deliver up documents and himself to the Australian Federal Police.

Donald Brownlie Fleming professes to be a good and devoted Christian. But he also admits there are a lot of people who have a totally different opinion of him. This rather nondescript middle-aged man — balding, medium height and slightly overweight — has a silver tongue that has parted hundreds of people from their money. But these people are not elderly spinsters or simpletons, they are doctors, lawyers, businessmen, politicians and church leaders.

Fleming is a bankrupt who has been investigated by the National Crime Authority, the former National Companies and

PHOTO COURTESY OF THE ADVERTISER NEWSPAPERS LTD

King Con

Securities Commission, State Police and the Australian Tax Office. But he is still in business. Fleming has been bankrupt since 1989, but was under a Part 10 arrangement under the Bankruptcy Act from 1980 until 1987, which has similar legal restrictions.

He did not pay his debt then and hasn't now. Currently his debts officially total $9.68 million, but liquidators involved in winding up dozens of companies he has been associated with say the real figure could be as much as 20 times that amount. That puts him in the same league as Christopher Skase, Alan Bond and George Herscu.

Bankruptcy officials and his creditors believe he has millions of dollars salted away. Fleming says he is broke. For the past 15 years, he has specialised in staying at least one step ahead of his pursuers. In the Seventies, Fleming was an insurance salesman and a very good one. He also has some qualifications in accountancy.

He set up a number of insurance businesses and also branched out into the film industry, but it was the tax industry that really attracted him. By the late Seventies he already had a trail of collapsed businesses behind him. His insurance businesses were in liquidation and his debts were mounting. One day in 1980, he walked into the Adelaide offices of the major accounting firm, Price Waterhouse and offered his services in setting up tax minimisation schemes for their clients. His offer was rejected, but Fleming was determined to find someone with similar ideas to his.

In the meantime, he had a problem with his creditors: they wanted to be paid and were threatening to bankrupt him. To keep them off his back, he entered into the Part 10 and agreed his creditors would be paid a mutually acceptable amount over a period of time. Under the arrangement, a trustee was appointed to look after his financial affairs and he was not allowed to be a director of a company. Seven years later, creditors gave up waiting to get all the money they had been promised and released Fleming from the arrangement.

Fleming has shown little intention of complying with the restriction of a Part 10 arrangement. He has become part of a major tax industry. In 1980 he joined a company called Corporate Consultants International Ltd. CCI was a Brisbane-based company specialising in tax minimisation schemes. Don Fleming took over the South Australian office in the latter half of 1980. A CCI employee, Mrs Lorraine Ford, later told police that "various clients, namely solicitors, accountants, business people with companies, doctors, radio personalities and so on, consulted with the company with a view of arranging their affairs to minimise their tax." She said that in February 1981 there was a sudden rush of activity as Fleming raced to complete numerous tax minimisation transactions.

"He expected legislation to be handed down to make this type of transaction no longer legal," Mrs Ford said. Fleming has since told several people he has access to Federal Parliament and his associates have contacts in the highest courts in the land. Fleming has also teamed up with two Victorian businessmen, Brian Forshaw and Edward Sent who had the Brents Motors Jaguar dealership in the Melbourne suburb of Oakleigh.

With their financial backing and his sales talent, Fleming embarked on what would later be described as a "corporate demolition derby."

Sent, Forshaw and Fleming were involved in a scheme to build or buy a fleet of Tasmanian scallop trawlers. It was another spectacular failure. By 1986, investors in Allied Fisheries were facing a loss of up to $25 million. The fleet of boats was high and dry on the banks of the Tamer River and Federal authorities were called in.

The Federal investigation centred on the activities of Allied Fisheries operations in Victoria, Tasmania and South Australia; Sent and Forshaw, as directors of the company, as well as the diversified activities of the Brents Motors Group.

The investigation also included Brents Motors' association with Jet Corporation which had collapsed in 1984 with debts of $5.5 million.

But specifically the investigation wanted to know about alleged "phantom revenue trips" from its base in Hastings, Victoria, and the reasons more than 100 investors were attracted to the venture when the viability of the Bass Strait scallop beds had not been fully assessed. Of the 100 investors, 35 were Adelaide doctors brought into the fold by Don Fleming. He and three other South Australians were later charged with various tax offences, but acquitted.

Fleming has a reputation as a womaniser among his associates. His wife left him after putting up with high jinx for several years. Fleming had a mistress named Dee Dee Busbridge who became an integral part of his business. He provided her with a red Mercedes which had the registration DDE-000.

Fleming, Forshaw and Sent developed close relationships with the Mayor of Bundaberg, Allen Stewart and his wife. Stewart was president of the Gideon (Bible) Association as well as a prominent businessman in the Bundaberg region. But all was not well with the Stewart business empire. His property developments were in debt and not selling. The banks wanted their money and Stewart was feeling the pinch. So he asked Fleming for help.

The Stewart Group's assets included four motor vehicle dealerships in Bundaberg (GMH, Volvo, Mitsubishi and Mercedes Benz); a caravan park at Tannum Sands, Queensland; a motel at Moree, NSW; a 42-unit resort at Parisienne Beach and an 80-unit high-rise at Coolum Beach. The group also had two residential subdivisions in Bundaberg and a vacant block at Coolum. Fleming, Forshaw and Sent convinced Stewart to let them buy a half share in the Stewart group and they borrowed $450,000 from the State Bank of South Australia to fund the purchase. The loan was secured by the assets of one of Stewart's companies, Westside Properties.

The bank also accepted security in the form of a personal guarantee from Fleming and one from the D.B. Fleming Trust — despite the fact Fleming was still under his Part 10 arrangement. The State Bank was not the only bank to accept such flimsy security. The National Australia Bank and the Commonwealth Bank also accepted personal guarantees from Fleming — and for much larger amounts.

Fleming still owes NAB $4 million and the Commonwealth is out of pocket at least $600,000. It's also being sued by Adelaide businessman and owner of the maxi-yacht Anaconda II, Josko Grubic, for accepting Fleming's guarantee without due care and failing to warn him about Fleming.

None of the banks have anybody to blame but themselves. Fleming told each one of them about the Part 10 arrangement, but also convinced them he was a rich man. Stewart's Coolum apartment block, the Coolum Caprice Tower, was in deep trouble when Fleming took over. The apartments were not selling and Stewart desperately needed cash, so Fleming took the job of generating a money supply. He began trading apartments for other property.

Grubic was offered 11 apartments, valued at a total of $1.2 million as a swap for a farm at Lameroo in South Australia. But the apartments were mortgages, so Grubic was asked to arrange a $600,000 loan which was to be secured over the farm.

Grubic saw no problems. He had the apartments and would not hand over the farm until the loan was paid off. The loan was to be repaid to one of the Stewart companies. Grubic was asked to go as an additional guarantor for half of the money and he agreed.

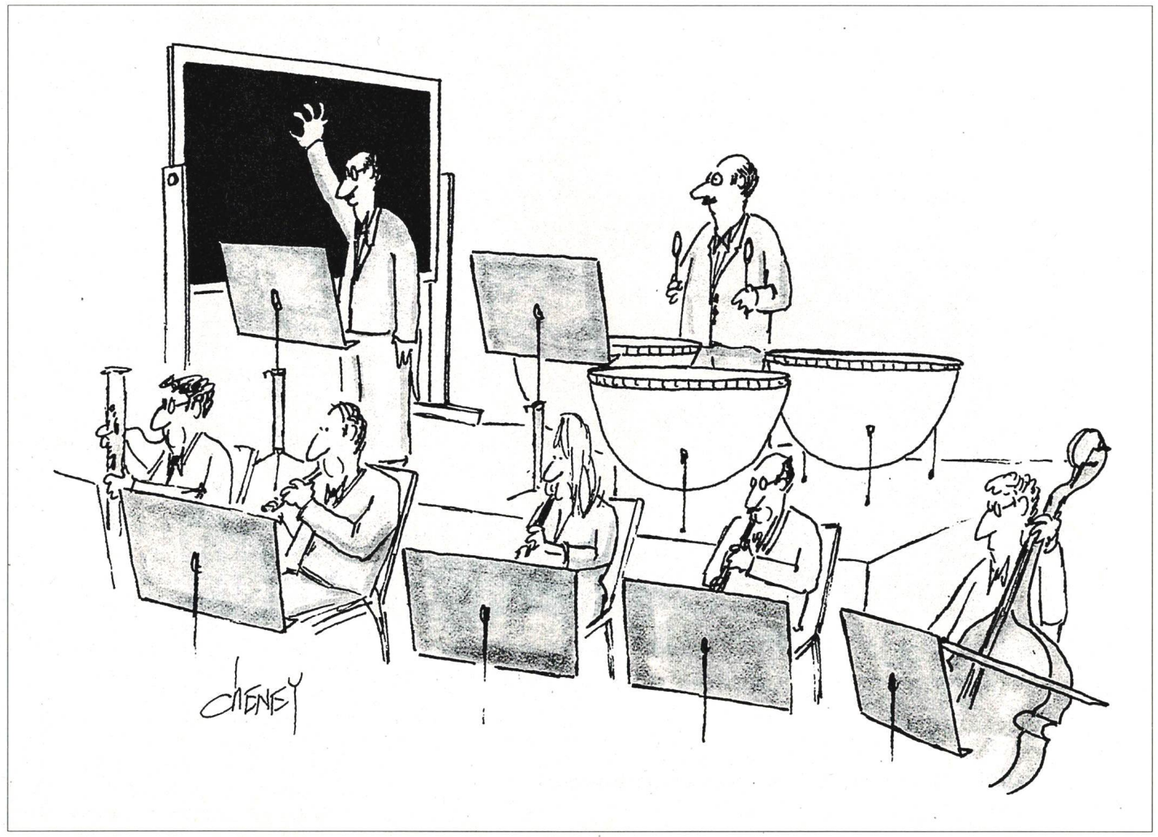
But the deal was not straightforward. Grubic says it took about 15 attempts before contracts were finally exchanged. The final deal was for seven apartments in return for half the farm. But the deal went sour and now Grubic is locked in legal battle with the Commonwealth Bank. The bank wants $300,000 from him. Grubic is counter-suing, claiming that he only gave the guarantee on the understanding Fleming would be called on to pay before him and that the bank had checked out his credit worthiness.

Grubic believes he was the victim of a major scam. "I would sign a contract for a specific block of apartments and Fleming would take the contract away. A few days later he would return and say there was something wrong with the paperwork or he had found that the apartments listed on the contract had been sold, so would I take some other ones in the same building. This went on time and time again, until I said enough — I either take these or the deal is off. I later found Fleming was using all the signed contracts to say to the banks, 'look, we have sold all these units so please lend us some more money,'" Grubic says.

Fleming was also signing guarantees as a director of companies in the Stewart Group, despite being banned from being a director. Later he would claim the guarantees could not be called upon because he had no authority to sign in the first place.

Grubic wasn't the only victim of the Stewart Group sell-up. Many of the poorer assets were transferred to Brents

"I'm promoting Crawford. Crawford came up the hard way."



King Con

Motors Group to boost its on-paper value. Brents was then involved in a share swap with an Adelaide-based public company called Allulite.

Much to the dismay of the directors of Allulite, Fleming, Forshaw and Sent briefly took control and then sold the company from under the original owners. One of the directors of Allulite was Robin Chisholm, a well known businessman around Adelaide who was also deputy chairman of the State Government Insurance Office. He became closely involved with Fleming and several of his deals including a 1989 financial disaster involving Adelaide's Plymton Park shopping centre.

The centre was in receivership when Fleming approached the receivers with a $5 million plan to take it over. But the then Deputy Leader of the Station Opposition, Stephen Baker, stopped the deal when he publicly asked the Government, "How this well-known criminal, Donald Fleming could be allowed to be involved in the deal?"

The Stewart Group had crashed spectacularly a short time earlier and Fleming had moved his business base back to Adelaide. He would hold Monday night prayer meetings with prominent businessmen, politicians and lawyers.

Together with some of his business partners, Fleming had been running business motivation courses out of an office at the Plymton Park shopping centre. In State Parliament, Baker described these courses as "shonky, get-rich-quick schemes." People were charged between $500 and $800 a session to get a high-pressure rave from the foursome. This included them screaming and shouting and leaping in the air in a carefully choreographed display designed to motivate people into a selling frenzy.

Fleming also used the courses to talk those attending into investing in one or another of his latest get-rich-quick schemes. The courses were a variation of an earlier series Fleming had run on an SA country property. The earlier courses had been titled "The Sensuous Woman" and "Greatness in You" and involved bizarre group-therapy sessions. An Adelaide psychiatrist (who couldn't be named for ethical reasons) later went on television to warn people that the "Greatness in You" courses were causing major psychiatric problems.

Some of those who had attended suffered severe mental breakdowns and had to be admitted to hospital. With his empire crumbling, Fleming was again in trouble with the law. The South Australian State Fraud Squad arrested him on charges of forged documents, alleging he had attempted to use a property at Victoria Harbour as part collateral for a loan without the consent of the property owner. He was acquitted. But one charge laid by the SA Corporate Affairs Commission finally did stick. He was prosecuted for not providing a report of the affairs of International Gold Management Pty Ltd which had been placed in liquidation in 1987.

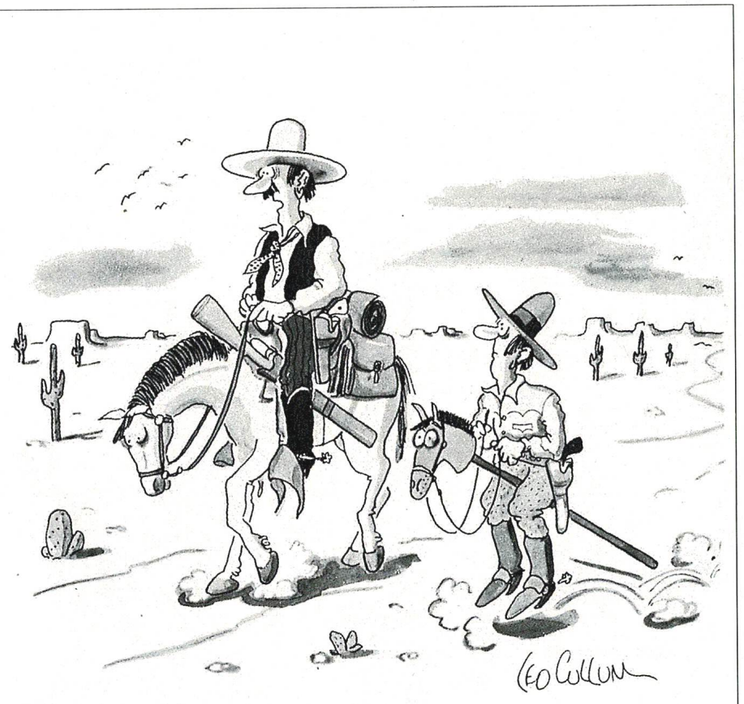
Fleming had been sole director of the company since 1984. He said he had been unable to supply the report because the Federal Police had seized all of the company's documents and he did not want to ask for them back because he knew the police wanted to interview him. He was convicted and fined a few hundred dollars. By March 1989, Fleming could no longer keep his creditors at bay. A New Zealand company, UEB Ltd, was fed up with him. UEB decided Fleming had to be bankrupted, no matter what the cost. He owed them just $5000 but they pursued him from Auckland to Adelaide. The debt was peanuts compared to the other debts totalling $9.68 million which have since been claimed by his creditors. But if creditors and Fleming's victims thought bankruptcy would put a stop to his activities, they were wrong.

Last year he was operating out of offices in Sydney and was jetting around Australia putting new deals together. They include a shopping centre development at Albury/Wodonga, as well as various property deals in South Australia and Queensland.

Early last year Fleming's activities received extensive publicity in *The Adelaide Advertiser*. He went to ground briefly but six weeks later turned up at Hochstens and checked in under the name of Doolan. After a weekend of business discussions and wining and dining in Hochstens VIP villa, Fleming flew out again — using his Ansett Golden Wing's membership to ensure he received the best service.

Fleming is constantly on the move, staying in comfortable hotels and flying business class whenever possible. He employs an answering service in Adelaide which will find him anywhere in Australia. Fleming denies he is living the high life. He says he is just trying to "make an honest living" by cobbling together some deals.

He openly admits that a lot of people who have invested in his deals have had their fingers badly burned, and he almost sounds convincing when he says he is sorry. But his apology will not help creditors. More than a dozen liquidators around the country are still trying to sort out his disasters. Of the 200-plus companies Fleming has been involved with over the past decade, about 75 percent are in liquidation. Between $150 and $200 million has been lost, but incredibly Fleming claims to have no assets.



"I don't know quite how to say this, Maurice, but I'm thinking of getting a new sidekick . . ."

SHELLEY

PHOTOGRAPHY BY BRUCE COULTER

TROPIC CALL

Breathtaking Shelley Rowson grew up in Melbourne but after living in Hawaii for three years, she decided that the tropics were definitely more to her liking and she settled in Queensland. The 24-year-old Libran says that apart from spending time on the beach, she can often be found working out in the local gym.

As far as the hectic nightlife scene goes, Shelley would much rather be at home spending time with her family and friends.

Shelley's down to earth philosophy extends to all areas of her life and she says that her favourite sexual turn-on is simply being able to touch someone she cares about.
By all accounts this blue-eyed model, who's mixed it with the best of them on Waikiki beach, is as uninhibited as she is beautiful.
When recalling her most memorable sexual encounter she wouldn't really elaborate but she did say it involved, "being smothered in chocolate ice-cream and I'll leave the rest up to your imagination"

Shelley, who has been trained in beauty therapy and chiropractic, says that selfish men are a definite no-no while a guy who has the guts to express himself and is sensitive is in with a chance.
For someone with such a taste for the sun, Shelley's favourite sexual fantasy is rather surprising. "I want to be alone with someone special in a log cabin with an open fire, a sheepskin rug and lots of snow falling outside."

Shelley says that she had no inhibitions in posing for *Penthouse* as she believes, "that people should become more accepting of their bodies and should not be disgusted by seeing themselves naked."
Shelley, we're grateful you feel that way.

TOUR OF DUTY PART 3

ROCK 'N' ROLL APOCALYPSE

For the photojournalist in the Philippines, the futile deaths of teenagers is more than just another great photo opportunity

Words and Photos By Steve Levitt

After completing three assignments running around with the Eritrean guerilla army in northern Ethiopia, I found myself in England with no work. My money had run out and I was sleeping on the back seat of an old Citroen which belonged to a fellow Australian who worked as the foreign editor for the *London Daily Mail*. He did not use it much and was in the habit of leaving it unlocked outside his local boozer. I had passed the stage of desperation when I finally accepted an assignment set up for me by the prestigious Black Star agency in New York. The deal was for the CBS network and some magazines. All I had to do was take a video camera and my stills gear into the Philippine bush and run around with the communist guerilla army during the Marcos/Aquino elections. I snapped it up. Philippine elections are always an exciting mix of guns, goons, gold and great photo opportunities. So that's how it happens in this business. One moment I'm sleeping in a car and the next I have a first-class seat on a jet, a video camera, cash and an air ticket: the four vital ingredients for life.

TOUR OF DUTY PART 3

APOCALYPSE

Unfortunately some bright spark in New York had sent the CBS bureau chief in Manila a telex announcing my arrival, my flight number, and the fact that I would "be travelling with the communist army throughout." They might as well have shot me. Work for the Yanks long enough and you will learn why they blew the Vietnam war. Philippine Government security agents followed me from the airport to my hotel. When the bureau chief sheepishly explained that my cover was blown, we agreed I should split ... in a hurry.

Manila is an easy town to get lost in and an even easier town to lose people in. After shaking my security shadows, I hopped on a plane and made for the southern island of Mindanao. I set up in a seedy hotel in Davao — a nice little town known locally as "Murder City."

In an insurgent war the first thing to learn is that everybody works for one side or the other; the waiters, the taxi drivers, the hookers, the priests. Everybody is an "asset."

"It was not uncommon for them to eat parts of their enemies' bodies and wash it down with a San Miguel or a Coke. . ."

Things were hot in Davao. Each time I tried to make contact with the communists, it seemed that the people I'd talked to showed up a few days later with their hands wired behind their backs and their bodies looking like colanders. I began to feel like a one-man plague.

When it comes to torture, the Filipinos stand in no-one's shadow. In the Philippines they don't seem to be happy with just killing someone. They have to hollow out their skulls and shove their underpants in the cavity, just to emphasise the point.

The worst working-environment in Davao is a slum called Agdau. The 120,000 people who live in its ragged shanties call it "Nicaragdau". A bamboo and cardboard jungle, Agdau's winding alleyways were the battleground for the right-wing paramilitary *Alsa Masa* and the urban hit squads of the New Peoples' Army (NPA) known as the "Sparrows." Fear and hatred ruled, OK. There were no visitors and no fence-sitters. But if you want to photograph tigers you have to go into the jungle and I decided to target Agdau.

The fighters for the NPA in this dirty war were teenagers who lived in a kind of rock'n'roll apocalypse. Their heroes were Marx and Micheal Jackson. Their uniforms were T-shirts, jeans and their dreams, surprisingly suburban. The fighters for the *Alsa Masa* were a right-wing militia who were little more than lunatics armed by the government to be counter-insurgents. They carried talismans to ward off bullets and mixed religion and magic into their twilight gangster world. It was not uncommon for them to eat parts of their enemies' bodies and wash it down with a San Miguel or a Coke.

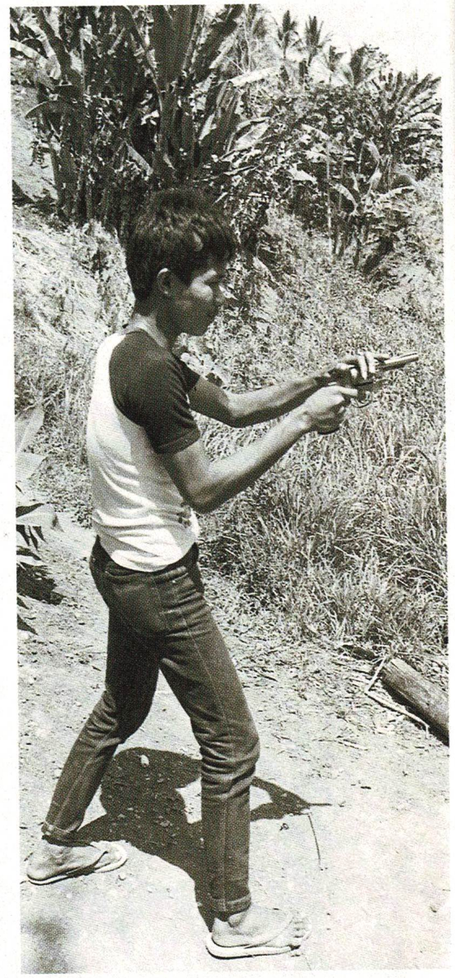
Nearly everyone was fighting everyone in those days. One day I was awoken when the army attacked the local police with machine-guns and rocket-launchers because the police had been muscling in on the army's racket of importing second-hand clothes to the island.

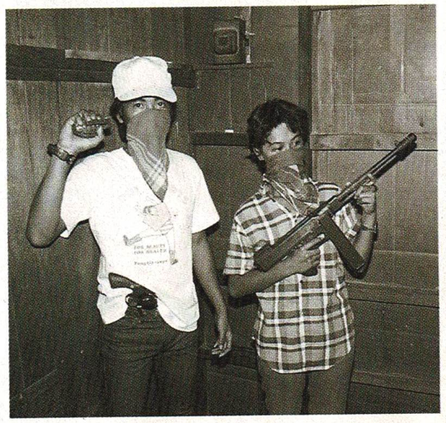
As the election drew nearer the knives came out. Information was currency and making new contacts with the NPA became a life-and-death gamble. Just mentioning their name would turn people pale with fear.

In the end they came to me. One morning, a union official I had met came to my room and told me to hail a taxi at a certain time outside a certain hotel. The jeep which stopped for me looked as though it had been painted by a religious freak under the influence of psychedelic drugs — a typical Philippine taxi. The back of the jeep was filled with ordinary looking shoppers. I was beginning to think I had made a mistake when the young man sitting opposite me for the last ten minutes leaned over and introduced himself as "George", the leader of the much-feared Sparrows. He already knew my name and most things about me. He talked freely as the entire taxi was filled with NPA urban guerillas.

George wasn't a bad bloke, rather likeable in a psycho kind of way. At 22, he was the regional commander of the NPA in Agdau. He had a ready smile that played across an urchin face and only his shifting eyes gave any hint of his true vocation. He killed people. He bragged that he'd killed a man for every year of his life. Eventually George agreed to take me into Agdau. He pointed out that his group were under a lot of pressure and there

Previous page: The jungle guerilla unit, all now dead. Clockwise from right: Armed and dangerous — a Sparrow insurgent; Children of war; George at work.





was no guarantee that he could get me out.

As we reached the border of Agdau, I was blindfolded and guided past children and housewives who didn't need a scarf over their eyes not to see anything.

Great concern was taken to make sure I didn't get dirt on my clothes. The slum extended out through mangrove swamps and a stench of refuse and raw sewage enveloped the place.

When the blindfold came off I was standing in a little house ingeniously constructed out of wood, cardboard, bamboo and sheets of plastic. The room was sparsely furnished and scrupulously clean. An old couple greeted me and made a fresh brew of ginger tea before retiring to a back room. After they had left, several young people entered the room and George introduced me to them. They were a Sparrow unit. They were children. Sparrows were different from the NPA regular army that operate in the jungle of the Philippines: they operated in small independent, under-cover cells (self-contained units). These kids were the army waiting in the city for the "final offensive." In the meantime they gathered intelligence, disciplined collaborators (usually fatally) and "liquidated" criminals (definitely fatally).

Both the left and the right had their own peculiar euphemisms for killing. George explained: "The *Alsa Masa* salvage people and we liquidate them. Either way they end up dead. Can I sell you any ginger tea?" I bought all he had. "Of course we try people first." George parcelled up the tea and took my money. "In the case of a criminal, we give them three warnings. In the case of the military, no warning."

George asked if I would like to photograph his group since I had just paid ten times the going rate for his ginger tea. A little flock of Sparrows filed into the room with bare walls and no furniture. The first person I photographed was a 15-year-old girl called Lara. She was softly spoken and a little awkward cradling her WWII Thompson machine-gun. Lara had gunned down three men in the past few months. The rattle of the Thompson was Lara's theme.

"I joined the NPA after the military murdered my parents; also many of my school friends have been salvaged. I have killed military and informers," she told me in a shy, little-girl voice. "It is not different because I am a girl. I just remember what these people have done and I kill them."

George explained: "The three of us approach the target in the street. The one in the middle pulls their gun first and shoots the target in the head. The other two cover the flanks. Then the one on the left delivers a finishing shot while the one in the middle turns to cover the rear. Then we put our guns back into the back of our jeans and we melt into the crowd. The whole thing takes only a few seconds."

At midnight the Sparrow unit went out on patrol. The rest of us had a cup of ginger tea while George talked about his life. He had been raised in the countryside and married at 17. He was working on a banana plantation when the first baby was born and his meagre wages weren't enough to feed his family. For nearly two years George and his wife Maria lived off coffee and rice using any cash he made to buy canned food and milk for the baby. It wasn't enough and the little girl succumbed to a disease aggravated by malnutrition.

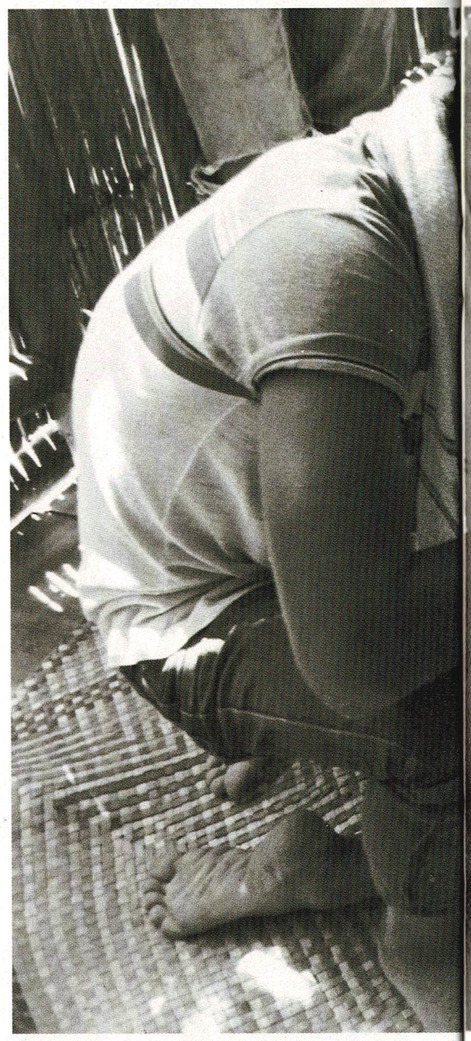
Something snapped inside of George and he decided to destroy the system which he blamed for killing his child. He joined the NPA and worked hard at being a guerilla soldier, rising quickly through the ranks. Maria became depressed and frightened and moved to her parents' house in the town. George couldn't live without her so he quit the field and followed her to Davao city. With flowers and sheer persistence he won his wife back, but she nagged him to quit the NPA so he could spend more time in regular employment. She was pregnant again and she wanted a living husband not a dead hero.

Every morning George got up before dawn and went to the market where he sold the herbal tea he manufactured. He told me that if he could save a hundred dollars he could buy an electric motor then he could sell more tea, make more money and then Maria might get off his back and he could get on with his job as an insurgent. It seems that to survive as a communist George needed to become a capitalist. Maria was already making more money than him selling Tupperware and she kept nagging him about the time he spent organising the cadre and killing people. "Whenever I get in late she thinks I have been with another woman and she gives me hell," he complained.

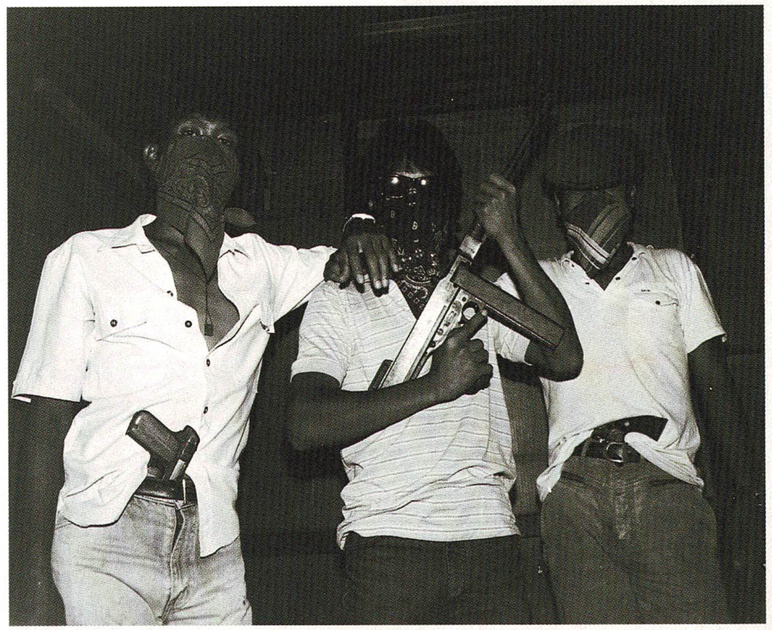
It seems like keeping a marriage together is tougher than fighting a guerilla war. Something I already knew.

The last thing I heard before drifting off to sleep was the Sparrow unit returning from their patrol. The Sparrows talked in Marxist rhetoric but their minds were more Hard Rock Cafe. Somehow they

Continued on page 96



TOUR OF DUTY PART 3

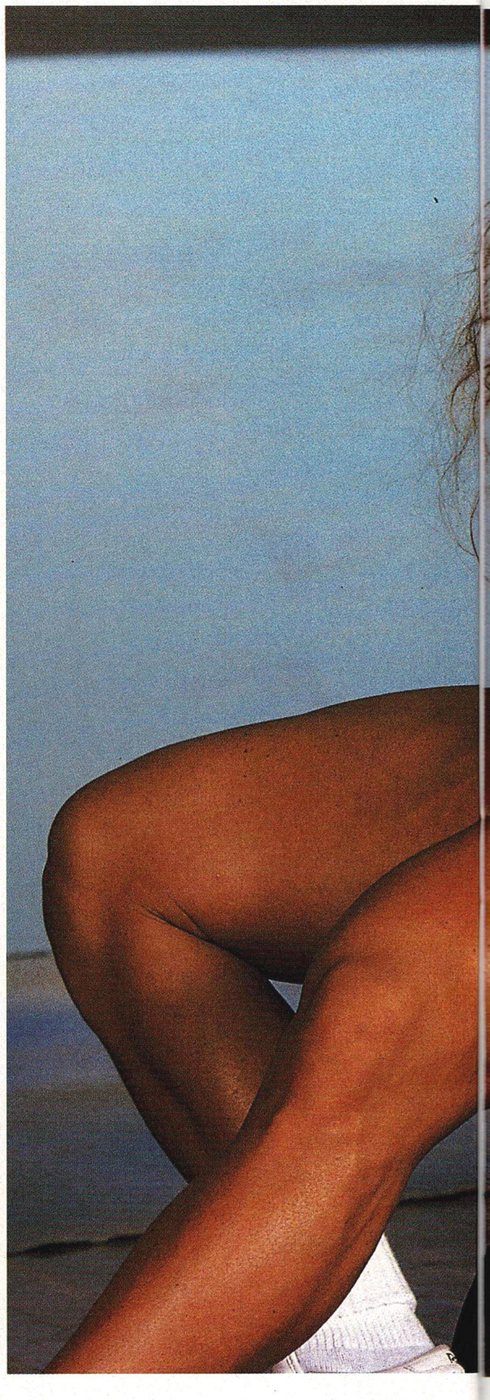


Right: Digging M16 bullets out of a fallen sparrow. Below: Insurgent squads about to go on a "liquidating" patrol.

warm
DOWN

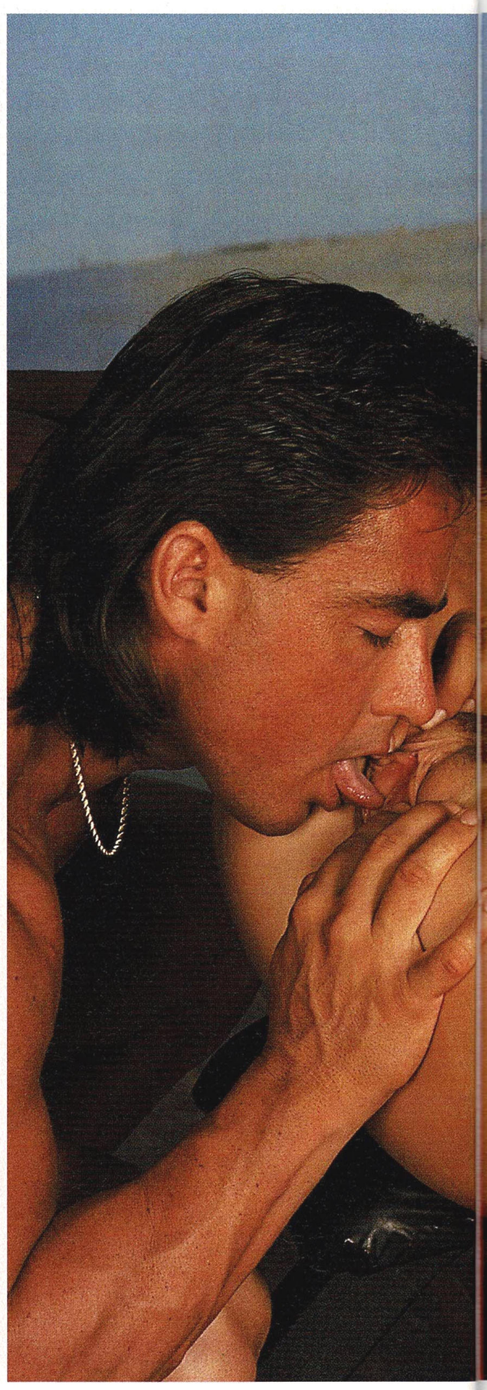
PHOTOGRAPHY BY GLENN BRADLEY

When Melissa asked Jerome to meet her after the gym they worked at had closed, he knew that their mutual attraction was about to amount to something. Fraternising among the gym staff was strictly prohibited, but the fitness instructors knew that they could resist no longer.
Tentative touches soon became lingering caresses and their nervousness disappeared as their passions swelled.



The locker room had never seen a workout like this before and the pair used all their physical expertise and suppleness to heighten the experience.
Without having to discuss it, they slipped into a routine of perfectly choreographed moves as they explored each others bodies.
Soon their perfect physiques were making contact in a way that they had only dreamed of and their combination of strength and agility was being put to use in the most sensual way.

They savoured the taste of each other's bodies and their sexual delight was so intense that they lost all awareness of the world around them.
There was no sexual variation too demanding for them to perform, and they explored and enacted all the fantasies that they had been harbouring for so long.



PROFILE BY JEAN NORMAN

PHOTOGRAPHY BY GEOFF HOWDEN

Derryn Hinch has an opinion on everything, even himself

Damned, banned, loathed, threatened with death, jailed, and sacked. Why does he do it? For love ... or money? The thousands of stories written about Derryn Hinch during his controversial career have all asked the same thing. Is he a champion of the downtrodden or a callous tabloid werewolf? Is he a big-mouthed shit-stirrer on principle or just for ratings? Well — I have the answer. Derryn Hinch does it because he just can't help himself. Although the word "opinionated" is the one most used to describe the Human Headline, everyone

THAT'S HINCH!

THAT'S HINCH!

else has more of an attitude about Hinch than he has about anything — which is really saying something.

He hasn't had any faeces or pig's heads in the mail lately — "I must be mellowing" — but Hinch still gets hate mail galore. "I've learnt that the more people hate, the more they can't spell," he says.

In the evening's offering of so-called "current affairs" programs, Hinch stands out like dog's balls. He looks like what he is: a seasoned old reporter who happens to be on the box. He sounds like no-one else on earth. Speaking gruffly in a rapid staccato as if worried someone's going to interrupt him, Hinch often says something cute like "crisish" for crisis. And now he's written an autobiography.

When launching *That's Life* Ray Martin said it confirmed something he'd always suspected — that Hinch was a "wanker and a pisspot."

Indeed, the first chapter consists mostly of Hinch describing his pubescent masturbation experiences and there's an equally candid chapter on the joy of boozing. But when Martin predicted that he'd launch Hinch's memoirs Volume Two on *The Midday Show* in a couple of years, Derryn got his own back. "How do you even know you'll be on the show in two years?" he barked.

Hinch is better placed than anyone to lift the lid on the thuggery inherent in a television career. Actually he's in a better position than anyone to lift the lid on most things. And with Hinch, to lunch him is to know him. The big piss-up lunch (along with soup and more grog at dinner) is the cornerstone not only of the best selling Hinch diet, but of the Hinch life.

He arrives with an entourage — actor-wife, Jacki Weaver (married a decade) and producer/best mate Dermot O'Brien (the duo clocked up 187 nights at the Sebel Townhouse bar last year alone). With long, blonde tousled hair, a tight, hot-pink suit and chunky dark glasses, Weaver looks very film starry as she simpers beneath Derryn's adoring glances. O'Brien is urbane, sharp, lean and hungry looking.

In his autobiography Hinch is scathing about the bullying, backstabbing and power games played out behind the screens of TV land. Money, fame, limousines and choppers on call notwithstanding, it's a nasty industry. One of the best current affair show openings ever would have to be "Good evening, I'm Derryn Hinch and I've just been sacked. That's life."

"If you don't perform you're out," says Hinch. "Sometimes if you do perform you're out," adds O'Brien. Hinch scowls: "We were performing on Seven. We won every market in Australia."

The official line, in the autobiography and elsewhere, is that Hinch doesn't know why he was sacked. "I still don't know," he says, before going on to explain exactly why he got the boot. "They said they didn't think I was the man to take them into the Nineties. So they got *Real Life*, Stan The Man (Grant)," Hinch spits out, stabbing his fork into an innocent dumpling. "They think he'll appeal to young women."

O'Brien explains that Seven felt there was, "a huge audience out there of young women aged 18 to 39.

"They believe that Stan and his team of young spunks will appeal to those women," he says. Hinch is preening and stroking his beard. People are strolling past the restaurant and halting mid-stride to gawp at him. Does he agree with Seven's analysis of what's sexy?

"Nuh," he growls. "I think it's rubbish." And another innocent dumpling gets it. Hinch is on speaking terms with the Seven executives, but only through his lawyers. He's suing them for breach of contract, hinting darkly that "everything will come out in court," and he was also recently banned from appearing on Vizard. "But I did nine more shows after I was sacked and nobody asked what I was going to say. They didn't come near us."

". . . and by the end of April, your erection should be complete."

O'Brien's face is long. "It was the hardest nine days of my life," he murmurs as Hinch nods in agreement. "We were trying so hard to be professional and grown up about it, but in retrospect I think I should have given them a good blast on the way through." But Hinch did refer on-screen to Channel Seven executives as the "princes of darkness" did he not?

"Well, er, yes," he admits. He also admits he got up their noses slightly with certain stories but "they knew when they hired me it wasn't going to be pussy-cat time."

O'Brien: "We had some fairly robust arguments with management."

Hinch: "Shitfight's the word. It happens at a lot of places. They negotiate with someone who's opinionated or whatever, and they say, 'sure you can have editorial control,' but it doesn't really sink in. And either I have it or I don't."

Channel Ten has put the Hinch show up against *Home & Away* and *Sale Of The Century* but he'd relish a shot against *A Current Affair*. When asked about Jana Wendt, Hinch picks his words carefully. "I think she's very good at what she does. I don't care who they are, surviving five years in that time slot is an achievement." Has Hinch survived because he's more offensive than anyone else?

"Mm-hmm," he says nodding vigorously with a mouthful of dumpling. "I write what I want to write. I don't read other people's words. I don't know if Jana writes anything."

"I know she doesn't," O'Brien adds.

Hinch grins, "I know that Mike Willisee used to just read what they wrote for him. There was that famous court case in which his own lawyer referred to him as merely a parrot."

Hinch looks smug for a moment but adds quickly that Wendt is a very good interviewer. "She sits poised like a trap-door spider. But having been around the traps for so long, I'm happier when it's more like a conversation so the viewer can feel like they're eavesdropping."

A lot of news shows "warm up" their victims before grilling them. Hinch doesn't.

"If they're real people, like the interview I did with the father of a boy who'd been assaulted, I'll go and talk to them so they know I'm not an ogre. But if it's someone I know I'm going to carve up or I think is a crook, I don't want to know them."

Hinch chortles and recalls an interview (with a Watergate burglar) when his first statement was, "You must be the meanest son of a bitch that God ever put breath into."

The beef some people have with Hinch comes down to this: he's rude to his guests, can't keep his trap shut and creates rather than reports news. Often not only on the same night but in the same breath.

"Calling Hewson a dickhead on TV had the potential to alienate 46 percent of voting Australians," O'Brien says proudly.

To maintain journalistic integrity Hinch doesn't vote. "I called Hewson a dickhead after he said that Bob Carr was less Australian than Fahey because he didn't have a car or children," Hinch says. "But I also went on air once and called Keating 'the Woollahra wanker.'"

His big-mouthing has gotten Hinch on the shit-lists of power-brokers, into prison and cost him and his employers thousands of dollars in fines.

Hinch says he's not an "injustice collector." He doesn't wake up every morning seething and the stands he takes aren't devised to boost ratings.

> They knew when they hired me it wasn't going to be pussy-cat time

"A lot of the time they go against you. I think 'I've gotta do this but it's not going to make me particularly popular.' But I do it to be consistent. I see something, it's wrong and so I say something. I won't duck a fight." O'Brien sniggers and adds, "We go hell for leather on a good story, don't we darling."

"Don't call me darling," Hinch snaps back laughing.

The Ansett extortionist case when Hinch "lifted the lid on a covert police operation" seems to annoy him the most. Well at least as much as the hundred or so other injustices that intensely irritate him.

In July 1989, the Sydney *Telegraph Mirror*, echoing the tone of most other media in Australia, ran a blistering editorial on Hinch.

After "careful consideration of a top-level police request, every media outlet in the country agreed to observe a media blackout," it thundered. "Every media outlet, that is, except one..."

"Any threat to a public carrier ought to be known," says O'Brien. Hinch almost chokes on a mouthful of food to get his opinion out. "I flew Ansett that weekend and flight attendants came up to me and said, 'gee thanks — we didn't know.' The media knew; the police knew. Why shouldn't everyone else?

"I don't believe it's true that he wasn't threatening lives and once everyone knew, there was more chance of catching him.

"If a guy goes to take a leak in the men's room on the plane and there's some other guy changing into overalls and carrying a box, (it helps if he) already knows there's been an extortion threat."

Hinch says the papers all had editorials flaying him and then ran pages and pages of story about the case.

"It's a case of kick the messenger and then go for it. Rank hypocrisy," growls Hinch in headline mode.

A formative episode in the Headline's life opened his mouth and it's stayed open ever since.

"In Geelong my radio station agreed not to run a story about a man threatening to poison the water supply. The police chief wanted a news blackout for 24 hours — eventually after three days it was lifted and the potential poisoner was dobbed in."

Hinch went on air, "going on about the greatness of the media cooperating with the police for the good of the community.

"When I opened the lines to talkback callers there was this woman saying, 'How dare you? You smug bastards, playing God, we trusted you. I bet the editor's been drinking bottled water the last three days. I feed this water to my kids.' And I remember sitting there and saying, 'I'll never do it again.' She was right — the Geelong coppers didn't go home and turn on the tap water for their kids.

"It's hard to go against the police, but I have. There's a club out there — police, reporters, magistrates. There are certain people in the know about certain things. Ansett was a classic example. Police like to control the release of crime news. Put the cork in and out when they want to."

Hinch has made it clear to the police that he won't accept embargoed press releases.

"I'll find out my own way, I have my own sources. Never you mind how I get them. I don't pay them, but there's people out there in the front line who get very angry and they'll take risks to inform me."

Hinch has always defined news as something that someone else doesn't want published.

"We always used to say about this guy who worked for me that he'd refuse to take yes for an answer and there's a touch of that in my approach. It's also common sense. There was that rape in Sydney where the woman was raped and ten days later the man went back, raped and murdered her sister. We both

THAT'S HINCH!

went snap, and said it's got to be a member of the family. And it was."

As for the accusation that Hinch creates rather than reports the news: "If we waited til it got to court to write about it, it would never get to court." In a current case of a policeman charged with drug scams, the only evidence is a Hinch film.

"We set up hidden cameras in the park and caught him red-handed picking up a drop of drugs and money. It was just cannabis but he *was* a cop. If a man says to me that a policeman offered him a thousand dollars to go out and sell his drugs for him, you go after him the best way you can and try to nail him. We've had mikes this big (Hinch crooks his little finger) hidden in the handle of a tennis racket to catch a crooked cop running a brothel. We drilled a hole through the floor of somebody's house and put a bug into a pot plant to get a cop who was shaking down some poor woman for $800 bucks."

Hinch admits this kind of cloak and dagger stuff is a thrill. "I'm not personally involved — the guys who do it are amazing — to spend five hours sitting under someone's house."

Hinch, while not averse to the big-mouth label — in fact he seems to relish it — hates being called a sensationalist. He suffered from a dose of it himself when *New Idea* took a moving excerpt from *That's Life* about his mother's death from cancer. He'd said she was in so much pain that he wished he could end it for her and the women's rag ran a cover-line that read, "HINCH — I WANTED TO KILL MY MOTHER." He found that offensive as he did the *Truth* newspaper's poster; "HINCH — THEFT CHARGE" after his house had been burgled.

"Only time I ever sued a newspaper," he says gruffly. He won. The waiter arrives bearing a bottle of Macedon Ridge. "Try this very special wine from my own special vineyard," says Hinch. It's sublime and I ask Hinch if he'll be pitching it towards the average wine punter? "No, it's very expensive." By all accounts Hinch is absolutely loaded but, not surprisingly, sees no contradiction between his self-appointed crusader for the poor role and his own substantial wealth.

"I've been there myself and you never lose that. I always wore hand-me-downs and I remember my first bike was fourth hand and covered in old silver stove paint to cover the rust. When I got my Rolls Royce I asked my listeners what they thought and they said, 'Good on you — you work hard' and I do. I work everyday of my life."

And he does. Even journos who hate Hinch's guts are awe-struck by his sometimes psychic ability to score scoops. "No guts, no glory," he says modestly. His conversation is peppered with scoop anecdotes like Hinch on the trail of Ronnie Biggs, the Great Train Robber. As a foreign correspondent based, it seems, at a New York bar, he overheard a hot tip, snuck into Rio without a visa, got nabbed, escaped and set off on, "this amazing chase. I hit every bar in Copacabana with my pigeon South American — 'Me journalisto Australiana' — and finally tracked him down to an apartment and bribed the janitor to let me in. I found a tape there and raced around Rio on a Sunday trying to find a tape machine. When I did, it was all about money being moved in and money being moved out ... good stuff."

The Human Headline is a wholly appropriate term for Hinch. Even a little jaunt to his holiday home in Hawaii ended up newsworthy in 1991. First Hinch got a death threat mid-flight. "I got a note from this guy saying he was going to kill me and I said to the hostie to forget it because he was obviously a nutter. The captain radioed ahead to Honolulu and when we landed they kept the plane off the terminal. I was escorted off the plane by two big gun-toting American cops. I told them where I was going and they said I was crazy because there was a hurricane coming. But I thought, 'after what happened to me on that flight what else can happen to me?' I lived through it but it was terrifying. One of our group lost an eye. I broke a couple of ribs and bruised a lung. The winds reached 200 kilometres an hour." But it was Dermot, not Derryn, who got the scoop.

"The lines were down. The island was devastated. People thought he was dead for a couple of days," explains Jacki. O'Brien sent a television crew to find him. "Suddenly this chopper drops out of the sky onto the golf course," says Hinch.

"They weren't playing golf," Jacki hastily explains. Hinch frowns and goes into Shame File mode. "There were tourists playing golf when there were people dead and the place was destroyed."

Hinch doesn't think he's particularly opinionated but he is. He has an intense and informed opinion on everything. To illustrate them he adds funny anecdotes and effortlessly name-drops — "I was chatting to Nick (Farr-Jones) about that and he thought ... As Andrew (Peacock) said to me at lunch the other day..." And everyone knows, Hinch has an opinion on paedophiles. Yes, he was molested as a child — a family friend accosted the ten-year-old Derryn and put his penis in his mouth while a party was raging downstairs — and yes, Hinch has a personal grudge against paedophiles. Even having described his childhood experience in *That's Life,* Hinch looks hurt and awkward talking about it again.

"The fame is nice and the money is good, but most of all I like being able to scratch my nuts while thirty million people watch."

The gravel voice falters. "I've been criticised for not exploring my feelings about it more, but one of the reasons I've never really talked about it is that it hadn't affected me. I didn't think..." He trails off and it's momentarily painful to look at him. "But I feel strange about saying that because I don't want to give solace or ammunition to paedophiles. If you ever went to a children's hospital and talked to some of the doctors about how physically the kids have been hurt let alone the emotional trauma — it's terrible stuff.

"It just happened that when I was on radio this women rang up in tears and said when she was a child this happened and I said, 'Well it happened to me too.'

Hinch served 28 days for naming a priest convicted of child molestation. "I tried police, government, the church and they wouldn't do anything and this guy was still running children's camps — and was often the only adult at that camp for three or four days at a time."

Lunch for the day is finished and Derryn strides out without bothering to pay. "We know who he is and where to find him," smiles the waiter.

Later we end up at the Hinch office in the corner of a frenetic newsroom and plastered with old headlines and alluring photos of Jacki. There's a five-star en suite dressing room — "at Seven I had to go across the road," — and a massive portrait of yes, Jacki.

She used to be a reporter on Willesee. "They had this awful full-page ad saying something like Willesee's Wenches or something terrible," he says unable to resist a snark at Willesee. "We've both got our own careers so we don't compete. She makes me laugh and she's a great talent," he says gazing fondly at their wedding photo. Outside Hinch's den the phones are going berserk with people wanting a piece of him while he boasts about the laws he's had changed. He's especially proud of changing the rape-in-marriage law.

"Under this 300-year-old British rule a man couldn't be charged with raping his wife even if they were estranged. I did 150 hours of community service for naming the judge in a case that had been suppressed. I made so much noise about it they had to change the law."

Though Hinch is considering marketing his own range of gourmet soup, he'd never go into politics.

"I don't like being a team player. I can do more good right here. Almost anybody can go to Tasmania and become a senator — you could do it in a week — but I have no interest."

Showtime draws nigh and deadlines are beckoning so Hinch arranges to meet me afterwards for drinks. As I leave, O'Brien in the adjoining office is yelling out across the room, "4:39 for the suicide boy!"

So we're down at the bar after the Hinch show and he's discussing the masturbation chapter in his book. "I got criticism from this woman in Adelaide saying it was very male-oriented. Well, I am a male," he says inflating his chest so he resembles a testosterone-engorged werewolf. Suddenly there's an interruption in the form of a pack of drongos who've been leering excitedly at Hinch for the last half-hour.

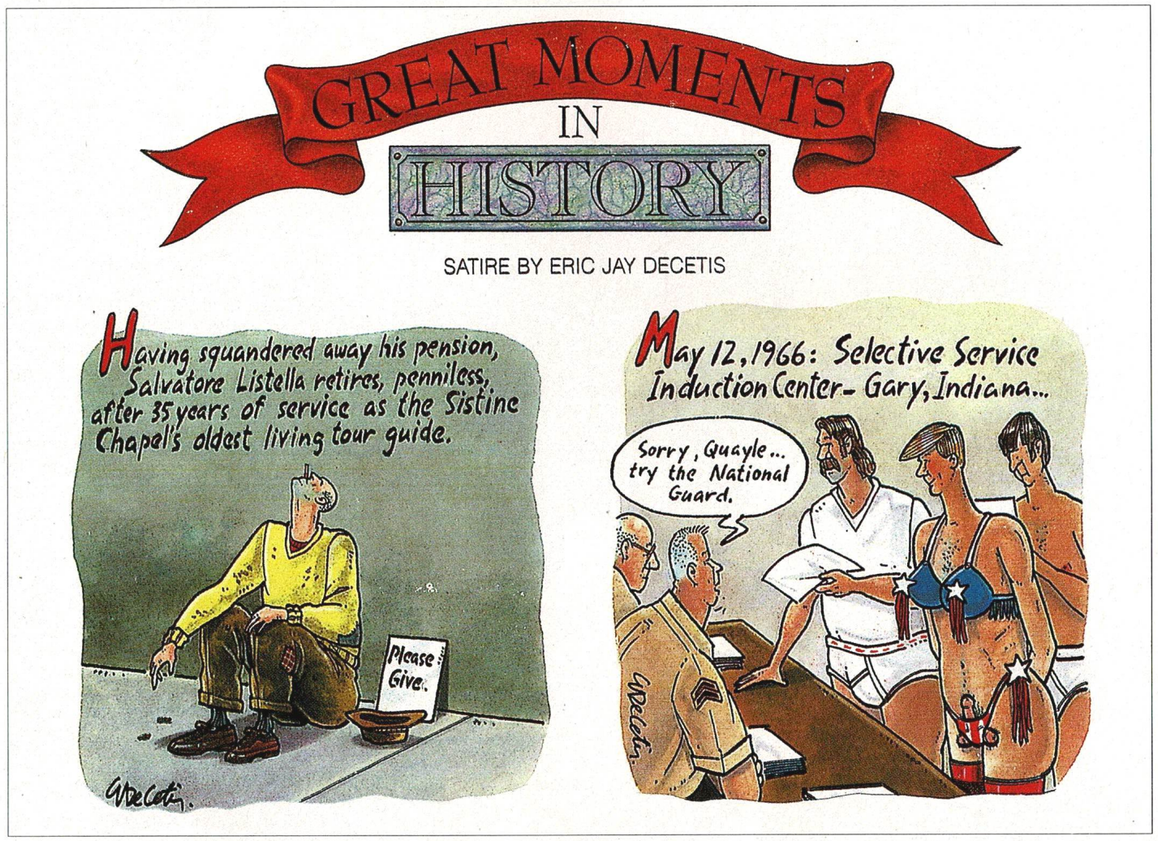
As the pack stand around swaying worshipfully and staring awe-struck at Hinchie in the flesh, I suddenly realise that Hinch is lapping it up. Maybe he's sucking up all the adulation he can get because Hinch-bashing is such a national sport? He struts off to the bar for yet more drinks and returns to confide his secret of success.

"I never ever got scared of moving on — too many people stay in the same place and say, 'how come nothing's happened to me?'"

Does he think he's better than everyone else?

"I'm better than most," he growls. "I don't have any heroes. I have a very healthy ego."

I tell him that I found it impossible getting hold of his books from the library because they'd all been nicked. "Really?" He looks thrilled and Derryn Hinch strides out of the bar beaming.



STORM IN A D-CUP

At 28, Wendy Wilson knows how to market herself. The erotic dancer says that she wouldn't get half the work she does if it weren't for her obvious assets.
"I know my breasts are what people look at and I know that's why I'm a hit with the audience."

Wendy's 38-D treasures ensure that she receives attention wherever she goes.
"I like the fact that men are always looking at me. Although I sometimes have to remind them that I have more to offer than simply the obvious."
Wendy unwinds by escaping her hectic dance schedule in the city and heading to the bush. She can often be found hiking around a national park or even just wandering along a bush trail. But Wendy's main delight comes from being alone with her favourite man.

Wendy's idea of a perfect man is one who will appreciate her beauty but will be able to look her in the eye when talking with her.
"You know," she hints conspiratorially, "there are certain things I can do to a man with these boobs that most women couldn't."
Just what she means is a matter best left to the imagination.

APOCALYPSE

continued from page 71

couldn't imagine the worker's paradise without rock music, fashionable clothes and Coca Cola. Albania was definitely not their role-model. They could have been kids from anywhere, with one crucial difference; in the life-and-death struggle for the streets they traded their teenage dreams for bullets.

After spending a couple of days in the slums, George fixed it for me to travel with a regular guerilla group. What followed was a bit like a B-grade adventure film: night drives blindfolded, staying in safe houses which weren't safe at all; followed by three days of leaping out of back windows, crossing rivers, and hiding out in banana plantations. During that time I saw how the poor farm labourers lived, if you could call being a slave "living."

Pot-bellied children lived off coffee, rice and green bananas. Under the load back-breaking work and with poor nutrition, the men and women grow old before their time. The plantation owners lived like warlords and their heavily armed thugs stamped out any notion of resistance. This was the perfect milieu in which a guerilla army could thrive.

While making my way through a vast plantation, myself and two guides were surprised by an old man on a bike. He had seen me and his eyes scanned my face as he greeted my guides and moved off down the path. One guide smiled at me and said, "That man is a government spy, but don't worry." Then he ran his finger across his throat.

I did worry, particularly when I finally arrived in a mist-covered valley where the guerilla unit I was to join up with was busy burying a village woman who they had suspected of spying for the government. It had been a long night of sharp knives and no-one was in a good mood.

The unit was led by a hunchback dwarf called "PD", who carried a silver pistol in a shoulder-holster. The gun was locally manufactured and used a single-shot gun cartridge which was lethal at close range. Eat your heart out Clint Eastwood. The only problem was the gun, most probably, would blow up in your hands.

The squad, when I was introduced to them by their code names, had ten people in it including two girls who acted as nurses. The unit was poorly armed and barely trained, but highly motivated. Being young they could move swiftly, which is more than I can say for an old bloke like myself. For exhaustion and sheer terror, nothing beats running in a jungle at night. Only the fear of ambush, which sat constantly on our shoulders, slowed the squad up. After a week of running and hiding, with only rice and dried fish to eat, my clothes began to disintegrate along with my morale. By a combination of caution and incredible good luck, we twice avoided traps set up by right-wing counter-insurgents

After a few days a problem arose which I had not encountered before. Because I was much older than the members of the squad, they started to rely on me for advice. They were poorly trained and not very confident. I began to feel responsible for them. This is an extremely dangerous trap to fall into because the job of the journalist is to report, not to become involved.

Over the years there have been several cases in the Philippines where overly keen journalists have been involved in the planning of NPA ambushes. Being in an ambush is still the best way of guaranteeing combat footage while minimising your chances of getting whacked. It does, however, lead to all sorts of moral dilemmas.

After a short while, it became clear that someone had sold the unit out and paranoia was high. I could not squat in the bush for a crap without an armed escort. Night was spent stumbling blindly through the bush and daytime was for hiding from helicopters in some farmer's bamboo shack while we pulled lead out of the butts of those who couldn't run faster than an M16 round.

The plan was for my squad to join up with a brigade, but when we got to the meeting place the government Marines had beaten us to it and the whole brigade was encircled, trapped in a valley and getting chewed up.

PD decided to make a diversionary assault on the Marines' flank. The idea was to give the encircled brigade an opportunity to break out. Inexperienced children assaulting well-armed, highly professional soldiers was nothing short of suicide. I spent half an hour trying to talk them out of it. I explained that the brigade would be unaware of the manoeuvre therefore unable to take advantage.

The unit was determined to "sacrifice" their lives. I decided I would postpone my death and was given permission to bug out. They were very graceful about my leaving and my last memory of the squad, some hours before their deaths, was a row of smiling youthful faces waving me goodbye as I slunk off down a narrow jungle path.

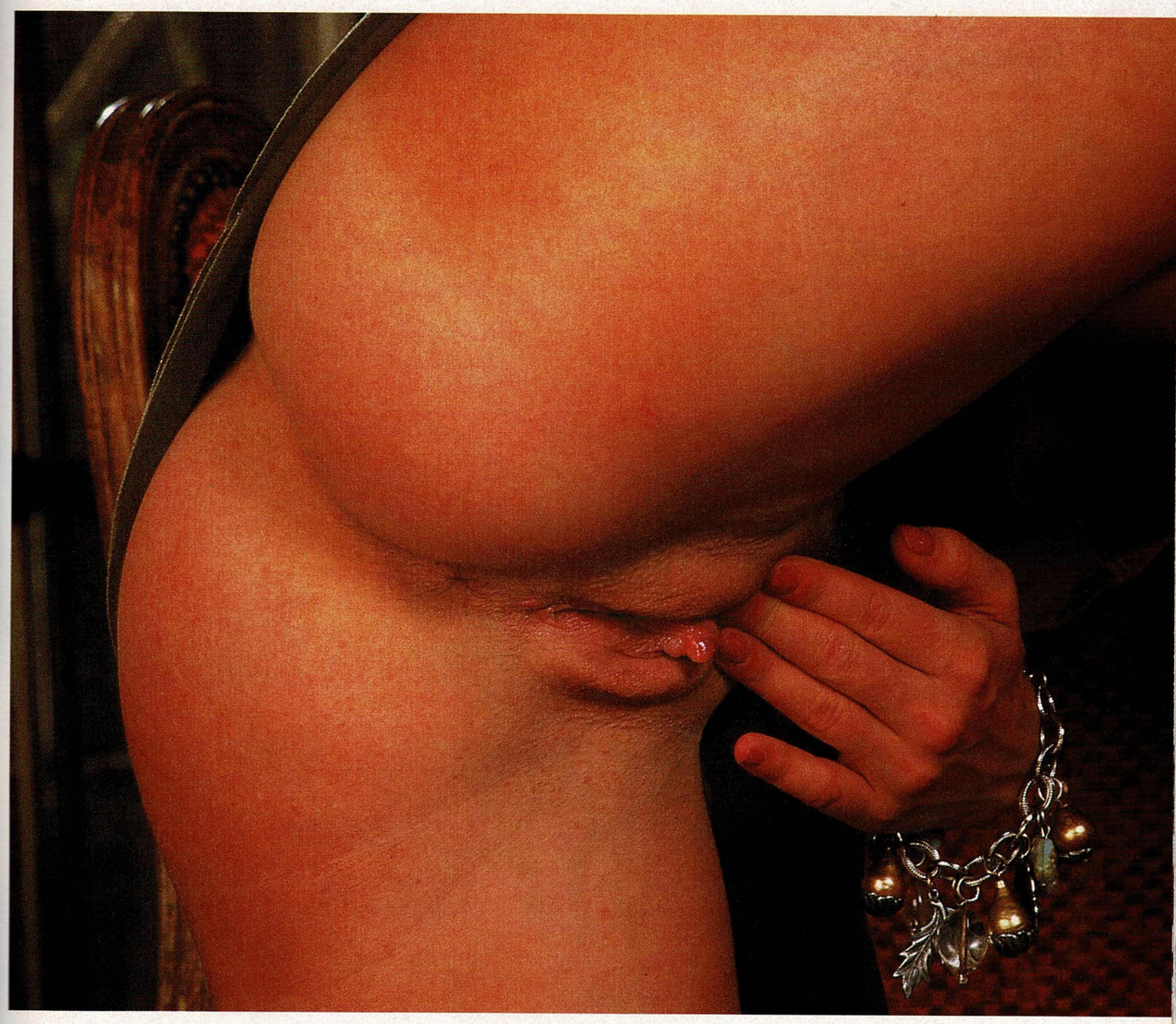
Nearly everybody I worked with on that assignment is now dead. The small unit died in the futile assault, the Sparrows were betrayed by deep penetration agents and were hideously wiped out by the right-wing *Alsa Masa*. Many of the people who helped me travel into and out of the jungle were hunted down and clubbed to death before being buried in a mass grave in the jungle. The killers were their own people who eventually had become totally paranoid in their hunt for hidden moles in their networks.

Perhaps I was right to leave when I did, or maybe I was just plain chicken. Half this business is making the right decisions; the other half is learning to live with them.

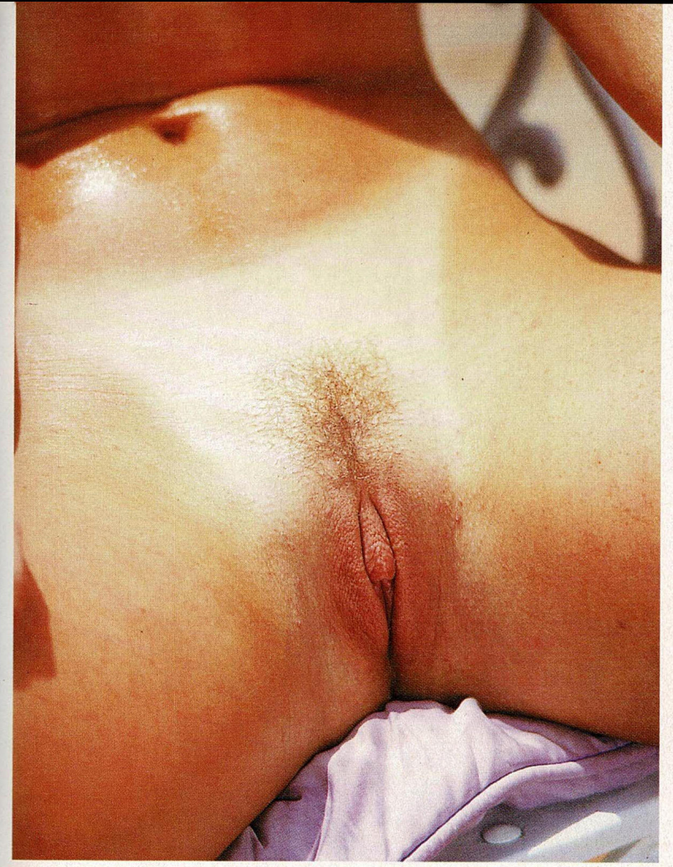
PHOTOGRAPHY BY JOHN HARROLL

Beauty MAKEOVER

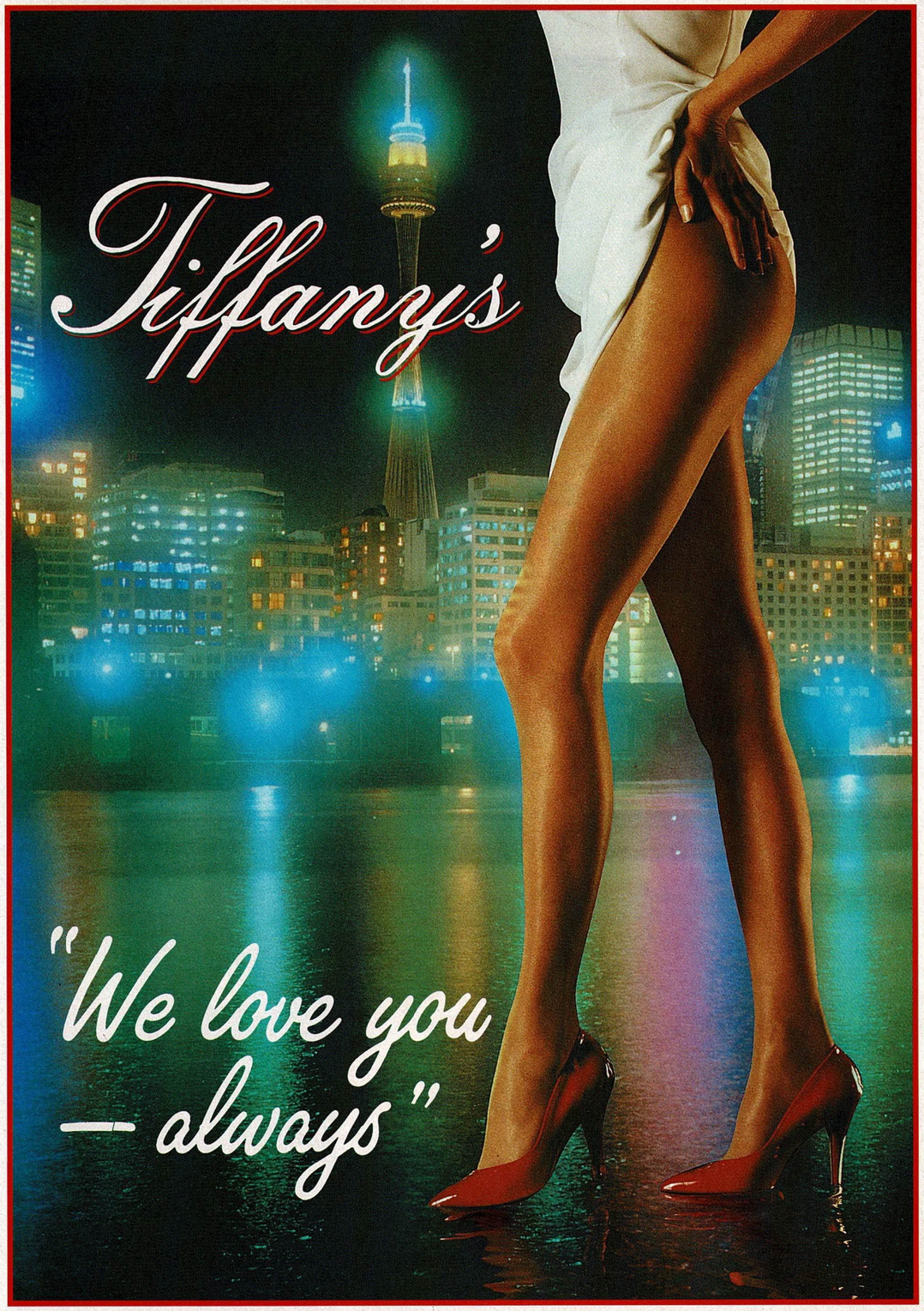
Twenty-one-year-old Jamie Dean is just starting to become confident in the fact that she is a beautiful woman.
"When I was at school, no boy ever asked me out and I had to drag a cousin along to the school dance. I even was a virgin until the time I was almost 20 and not out of choice either."
When Jamie decided to enrol in beauty school, she learned how to transform herself into the glamour goddess you see before you.



"With my makeover, my confidence increased and more and more men started paying attention to me. People say that I'll get sick of men looking at me but so far I quite like all the fuss they make of me."
Jamie now spends her time catching up on the experiences she missed out on when she considered herself an ugly duckling, and that includes a vastly improved sex life.
"In the past two years I've made sexual discoveries that I never even knew existed. Stuff about my own body that I never knew was there."



"Not wanting to give too much away, my best sexual encounter so far involved lots of chilled champagne, a bit of leather and all the time in the world."
Two years ago Jamie says that the idea of posing for *Penthouse* would have been out of the question, but now she sees her pictures as confirmation of her beauty and sexuality.



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PROFILE

The Wages of Swim

Will success spoil Kieren Perkins?

Kieren Perkins checks the time on his $2000 Rado watch. He is due on the set of a TV game show in a few minutes and the Olympic superstar is seated in the make-up room between Lisa Curry-Kenny and some small-screen sex kitten whose face is unfamiliar but heck, who's looking at that face anyway?

The make-up lady is dulling the shine from Perkins' perfect tan, something he worked on during three recent weeks in the island sun at luxurious Hyatt Regency hotels from Maui to Molokai. Perkins has dressed down for this lowbrow appearance. He is in blue denim and boots, not bothering with his sponsor's $1600 Italian suits on this occasion. And he prefers the offer of a chauffeur-driven limousine, rather than driving out in his spectacular MX6 sports car that is a gift from yet another sponsor.

BY RICHARD SLEEMAN

PHOTOS BY LIVE ACTION

Swim

Hey, who has transport worries, anyway? Kieren Perkins is riding the gravy train.

This sort of lifestyle can take a lifetime to achieve. It took Kieren Perkins just 14min 43.48sec. That was the length of time between the starter's gun for the 1500m freestyle in Barcelona and the instant when Perkins touched the wall 30 laps later. He ended up with a gold medal around his neck, and the world at his feet. Australia was already Olympics crazy. At that point, it went potty over Perkins.

And still, months later, the clamouring for Perkins goes on unabated. On the panel for this TV game show are Curry-Kenny, a couple of instantly recognisable celebrities and a comedian from a TV sitcom.

Dozens of children and a handful of adults are in the audience. They only have eyes for Perkins. "I love you Kieren," shouts one. "Marry me," yells another. The floor manager is getting anxious. "Get someone up there to shut those kids up," he screams at a messenger girl. She isn't listening. Her concentration is glued to Perkins. To the casual observer, this nationwide obsession with Perkins, ranging as it does through all ages and all socio-economic layers, is a strange fixation. He isn't raunchy and flashy like an Andre Agassi or a blue-eyed, blond soap star like Jason Donovan. He isn't loud or brash. Yet you can scarcely pick up a magazine these days that doesn't carry a Perkins pin-up; or turn on the television and not see him on the ads or the chat shows. It is a never-ending whirligig.

Today, the game show. Tomorrow, the opening of a new pool at Port Macquarie on the NSW north coast. The next day in Bundaberg for a presentation. Then down to Adelaide to drive in the Grand Prix celebrity race. It is rare to grab a quiet moment with Perkins. And even then, you need a security guard on the door. Perkins is ushered into an empty dressing room, much to the dismay of the game show audience which has followed him from the studio, through a couple of sets of doors, down the corridor and up the stairs. The guard finally keeps them at bay. In this cramped house of mirrors, Perkins reflects on just what has happened to him since Barcelona. "I'll tell you one thing," he says, "I haven't done much swimming." He glances at one of the mirrors and tries to see into the future, almost four years hence to the next Olympics in Atlanta. "Alright, so I might be making lots of money, now. But you ask me whether I'd like to come out of Atlanta as a millionaire made for life, or as the Olympic champion and world record holder again, and I'd say the latter for sure. If I could be just one or the other — wealthy, or winner — I want to be a winner."

Australia has had other handsome young gold medallists and world record holding swimmers in recent times. But neither Jon Sieben nor Duncan Armstrong ever reached those dizzy heights again. There is a strong temptation to put a swimming career on hold, and just bop till you drop. "It's a vicious circle," Perkins says. "I'm going to cocktail parties, presentations, or dinners with sponsors. You have a beer to loosen up, then chat with people over a beer. I've spoken with others about it. You start believing that you are invincible and that you don't have to train. You forget the workload that got you there in the first place. You say to yourself 'I'll start back next week', then next week comes and there's another party or function, and next week never comes. Suddenly, it's too late to get back in peak fitness in time."

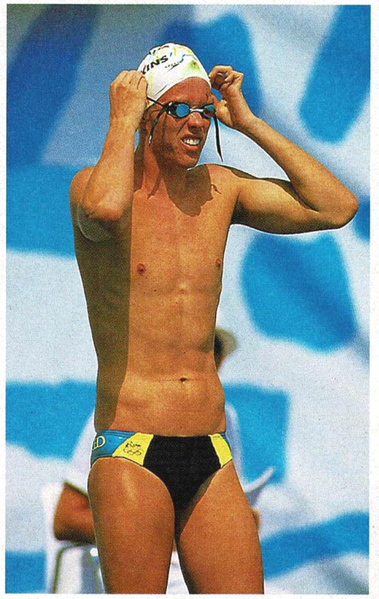
Perkins stands to examine his full height of 193cm in one of the dressing room mirrors. "Have a look at me," he says. "I mean it has only been a few months since Barcelona and I'm seven kilos overweight. My lung capacity has shrunk. My heart doesn't beat as slowly. I'm very unfit."

Perkins says the post-Games period is a terrible mental let-down. "I worked my butt off for years to get there, then it's all over. And four years down the track seems so far away," he says. It won't be long before Perkins is back in full training. The marketing strategy aimed at making a fortune for him and 25 percent of a fortune for his agents, the International Management Group, is one of shooting for large long-term backers for whom Perkins can work without wasting time with too many personal appearances.

Graeme Hannan oversees the Perkins portfolio for IMG. Says Hannan: "The reaction to Kieren has been nothing short of phenomenal. I handled Rob de Castella, and it was nothing like this. He is an agent's dream." By Christmas, Perkins was tied to deals that will net him more than $2 million by the time the Olympic torch is lit in Atlanta. Principal among these is $90,000 per year as a station personality with the Ten TV network. Ten will use Perkins in promotions and publicity, especially with regard to its coverage of the next Commonwealth Games. He will appear at program launches, and occasionally as a guest presenter. This is a particularly appealing tie-up for Perkins who wants to be a sports broadcaster when his swimming career is over.

A second endorsement is $50,000 per year with additional bonuses from Eyeline swimwear, a continuation of a deal which almost cost Perkins his place on the Olympic squad. Eyeline is a competitor to the Australian Swimming Inc official sponsor, Speedo. The ASI threatened to dump Perkins from the Australian team for the major Olympic lead up, the Pan Pacific meet, but backed down in the face of media pressure. It would have been the equivalent of the backing band sacking Madonna.

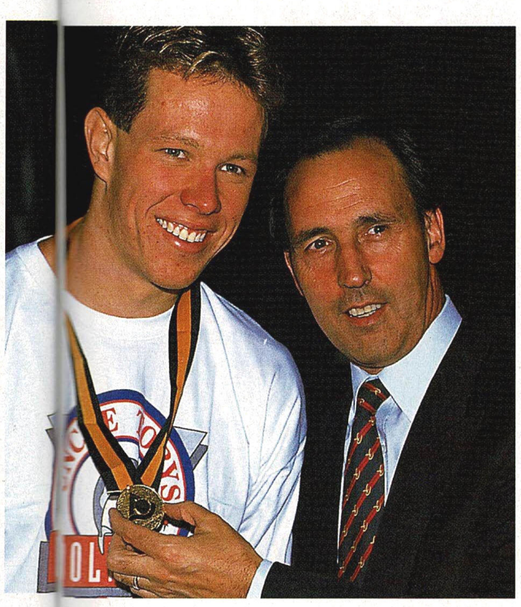
"Kids idolise him. Girls want to kiss him. Old ladies want to mother him. He appeals to everybody . . ."



National Dairies, makers of low-fat milk, a product Perkins plugs on TV, has a $150,000 contract with the gold medallist. And finally, a $150,000 per year deal with Uncle Toby's has also been struck.

Along the way are countless one-off deals. Perkins opens a new furniture warehouse and has $5000 for his own side-board. He makes guest appearances at two nightclubs in the one evening in Sydney, signs autographs and chats with the customers. The decibel level of the dance music is through the roof. So is Perkins' fee. It sets back the promoters $4000.

Through all of these star appearances, Perkins remains, at 19 going on 39, the quintessential boy-next-door. He



is a throwback to the old-style of Australian sports hero, a reminder of past days before money and the media made monsters of many of them. Perkins is unfailingly polite, and respectful of adults. He still refers to his lifetime coach as Mr Carew. He is intelligent and personable, disciplined and humble. Australian sports stars like Lew Hoad and Murray Rose, say, used to leave an unfinished beer on the bar, go out and beat up on the world, then return to finish their drink and shout one for their mates. That's the impression you get after a conversation with Perkins, that of a lost era in Australian sport.

Hannan recalls a meeting with a couple of Ten network bigwigs as negotiations continued over the signing of Perkins. "Kieren was everything. Then he said something about what happened at school last year. It really jarred with the station executives. I mean here was a young guy of superior intellect, mature and charming. It's so easy to forget he's just a teenager fresh out of school."

Like three million of his fellow Australians, Hannan sat up in bed in the early hours of the morning to watch Perkins' 1500m swim. The TV ratings hadn't registered so high at that hour since the last race of the America's Cup almost a decade earlier. It rated huge numbers: 19 in Brisbane, 15 in Sydney, 16 in Melbourne, 21 in Perth. Australia waited in anticipation of the gold medal we'd been promised in all the months of lead-up. They'd said Perkins was a shoe-in. He was already the world record holder. But the man who beat him in the world championships, Jorg Hoffman, was in the field. So was the mighty midget, Glen Housman. And Perkins had lost the 400m by a whisker to a little-known Russian. Poolside in Barcelona, and 15,000kms away, Australia waited with bated breath.

The only one not concerned was Perkins. He recalls: "It was just another race. I wasn't excited or nervous. I knew I'd win." He was a metre in front after 100m, and home beyond any doubt after 200m. Hoffman drifted back to third, passed by Housman, who was too far astern to pose any real threat. At the end, the time slashed seconds off the world record. In the stands, people sang Waltzing Matilda and tossed diggers' hats in the air. One man waved a commemorative tea-towel depicting the dog-on-the-tucker-box. Australian flags were everywhere. It could have been Badgery's Creek, not Barcelona. The telephone beside Graeme Hannan's bed in Sydney rang. It was an IMG salesman raving over the win, and babbling excitedly about how much Perkins might now make. A great race was over. Theirs was only just beginning.

You would think Perkins would have partied all night. Los Angeles gold medallist and team mate in Barcelona, Jon Sieben, arranged a beer bust at a dockside bar. Perkins sauntered in late, and hardly dressed in his party outfit. He had two beers, then went to bed. The next night, at a knees-up on board a passenger liner docked in Barcelona, he sang "Werewolves of London" with the

Swim

Awesome Foursome gold medal-winning rowers, then kindly excused himself. To Perkins, it was just one gold medal and just one more world record.

It's the way Perkins has been since he first burst on the international swimming scene. There was that evening in Auckland three years back when he finished second to Housman in the Commonwealth Games 1500m. Few had even heard of Perkins. Yet at 16, unheralded, he swam the fourth fastest time in history.

Afterwards, the media clamoured for Housman, justly rewarded after a timing mechanism failed in Adelaide and robbed him of a world record. They missed a remarkable conversation involving Perkins and a couple of late-comers. Far from being overwhelmed by his incredible performance, here was Perkins saying he may not swim again. "I have to go finish school," he said. "You mightn't see me around for a while." It was impossible to get near Housman. But Perkins ambled over to a radio reporter, and offered his services. He did a live cross to Sydney like he'd done it all his life. "Who's that kid?" a Kiwi reporter asked. "A world champion in the making," was the reply.

There is a sad history of officialdom hounding Australian swim stars. Dawn Fraser is the most obvious example. When Australian Swimming Inc wanted Perkins' hide over the Eyeline-Speedo wrangle, a Sydney radio station mounted a campaign in support of Perkins. ASI backed down, and the station took talkback calls on the subject. "Hullo," said the first caller, "This is Kieren. I just rang to say thanks." Sincere, loyal, mature beyond his years — these are just some of the attractions for his bevy of financial backers.

Says Hannan: "Kids idolise him. Girls want to kiss and touch him. Old ladies want to mother him. He appeals to everybody. And he's a world-beater as well. You wouldn't believe some of the requests that come to our office. And through it all, I never cease to be amazed at the way he handles it. He's from another generation. It's unnerving. It really is. Quite often he'll go to a function without pay because he feels he ought to be there. A swim medallist from the Special Olympics said Kieren was her idol and could he please be there with her for a special function in her honour. It meant a trip to far North Queensland, and no money, not even expenses. But Kieren went."

Not everyone is delighted with the association between Perkins and IMG. Not the least of which is Australian Swimming Inc. Hannan explains: "If a potential deal arose with a rival sponsor to that of the ASI, I would accept it even if it creates conflict." Others would see IMG as easier to deal with than Kieren's father, Kevin, a bearded financial controller with a trucking company. Says Hannan: "He has rubbed some people the wrong way I think it's fair to say. He is very protective." Only natural really, when you know the history. It was Kevin Perkins who first carried a nine-year-old Kieren into John Carew's Brisbane pool where swimming was said to be the best form of rehabilitation for Kieren's seriously withered leg almost lost in a collision with a plate glass partition.

Of principle concern, though, is whether or not IMG may cook the golden goose. Will life on the money-go-round quell Perkins' hunger for victory in the pool? Will Perkins ever delight and thrill us again at an Olympics?

He is back on that subject in the mirror-maze that is the television dressing room, directed to think along those lines by a question about another IMG client, Greg Norman. Some of those close to Norman would tell you that IMG's business deals have made a fortune for Norman, but cost him his practice time and dedication to victory. Norman won only one big one. Could the same fate befall Perkins?

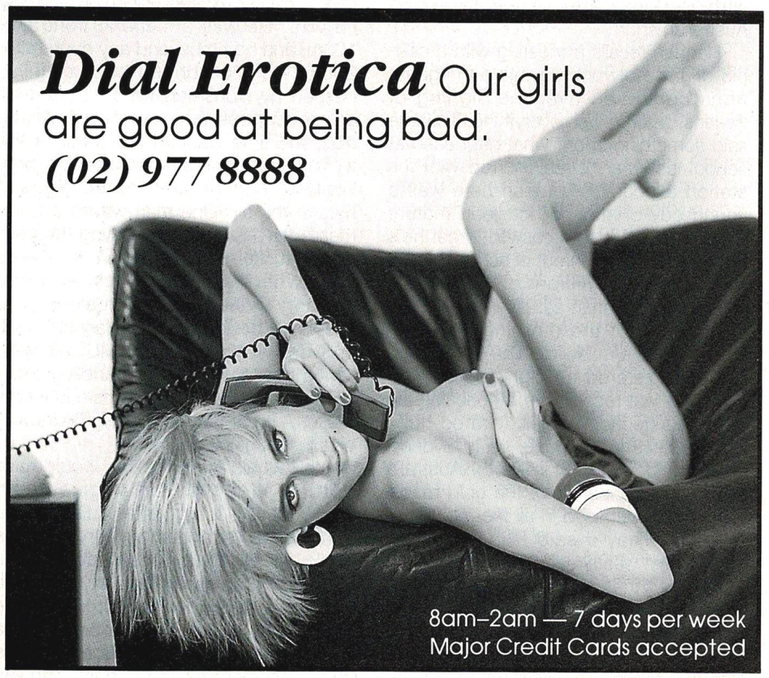
"I'm here," Perkins insists, "for the long haul. I've got another eight years in me for swimming at the highest level. That's two Olympics yet to come. That's the dream I want to hold on to. Training will take precedence. Money is sweet, but in the long run, not so important. The Greg Norman thing has been pointed out to me in the past. I don't think it applies to me. What I live for is racing. I'm a racer. I don't get excited about very much, you can see that. But what does thrill me is racing a rival in a swimming pool. And the bigger the event, the bigger the thrill. And the biggest of all is, of course, the Olympics."

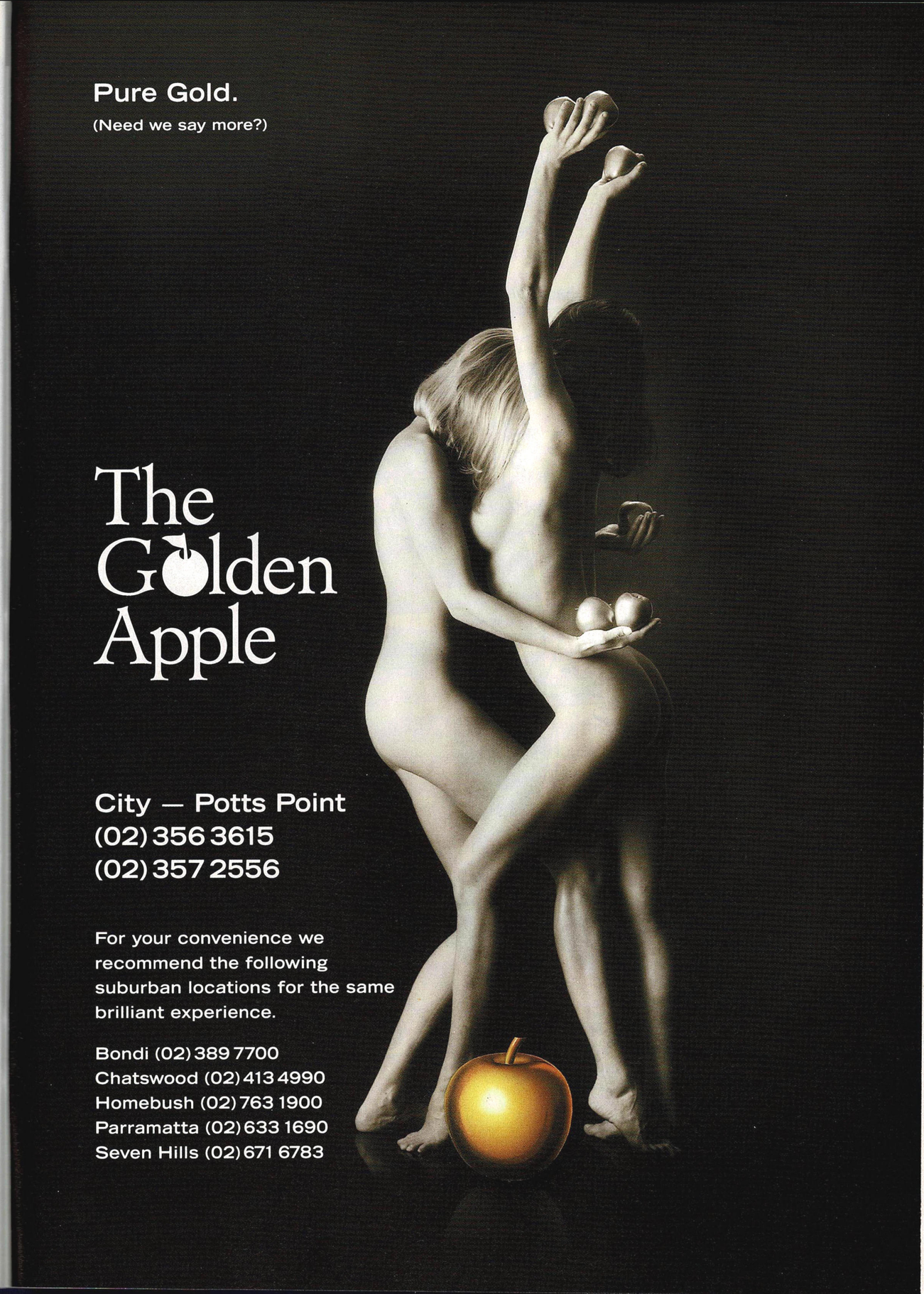
Perkins is asked about the rapid rate of progression in the 1500m. It is an event that has been kind to Australians, Robert Windle winning in Tokyo, John Konrads in Rome, and Murray Rose in Melbourne. That may remain constant but not the time. Rose's effort — almost 18 minutes — would have placed him six-and-a-half laps behind Perkins.

Says Perkins: "I'm only 19. I'm still growing. I'm going to get even stronger. I've got a lot more to do. When I can't improve, I'll quit." Ominously, he says: "I want to take the 1500m into a whole new dimension."

That means even more training. "It's just a matter of getting back into the groove," he says. "Of getting into cruise control, back into that mode." His coach, John Carew, a knockabout former greyhound trainer and bookie, won't pander to him. "He'll do it or go somewhere else," Carew says, and means it.

Meanwhile, the offers pour in, the demands on his time get more and more, and the bank account is busting at the seams. A knock at the dressing room door indicates the security guard can't hold back the adoring fans any longer. Perkins excuses himself, and is immediately lost in a frenzy of hugs and kisses. Such are the wages of swim.





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Paternity

Continued from page 39

men get nothing from a property settlement and then have to borrow large amounts of money to pay the superannuation settlement. In these cases, says Pierce, the former wife gets 100 percent of the house, a cash payment and the children and the man has to issue monthly maintenance payments and still has to wait for retirement to get his superannuation. "This doesn't mean that all women are nasty people — it means that the Family Court system gives them an incentive to fight their husbands, and many women can't resist the temptation. Divorce is now based on 'no fault' but women are aware that they can benefit from it."

The issue of child access, and how readily it is enforced, is complicated by other factors. These are usually the areas of money, domestic violence and child sexual abuse.

Yael Jimenez is a Sydney Family Court lawyer with strong views on the court. She outlines three "tricks" employed by mothers and supported by the legal system. The access denial trick is the most common. She says there is a certain percentage of custodial mothers who deny the father access to a child for their own financial gain. This can encompass a variety of motives from wanting more maintenance money or a new pair of shoes for a child, to contributing to holiday costs or the price of a new car. Because the Family Court won't enforce access orders, the father either pays up or he won't see his children. Denying access can often be a part of a power game for the mother, she says, and it is the child who suffers. Some mothers deny access for pure malice. Jimenez tells the story of the father who travelled interstate to collect his children for the pre-arranged holiday he was to take them on. When the father arrived at the mother's house, he found that the mother had left with the children the day before.

Far more sinister, is the allegation made against the father about sexual abuse of the children. This subject is too sensitive to make generalisations about because the welfare of the child must always be protected. But in those cases where the father is wrongly or maliciously accused, the impact on him can be devastating. The third trick of domestic violence allegations is something that Jimenez calls a "growth industry." Under State crimes legislation, women can now get instant court orders banning a partner or ex-partner from a variety of activities (eg seeing his children or talking to or approaching his ex-wife). These orders are now being made nationally by State courts if the woman is threatened, hit, intimidated or perceives a threat of domestic violence from the man in the future. Jimenez says this trick is a classic example of a "war of the sexes", and that women who maliciously seek the court orders are often encouraged to do so by women's groups.

"We see the situation where a custodial mother approaches a women's group and next thing you know, the father is being served with domestic violence restraining orders — and he wouldn't have a clue why."

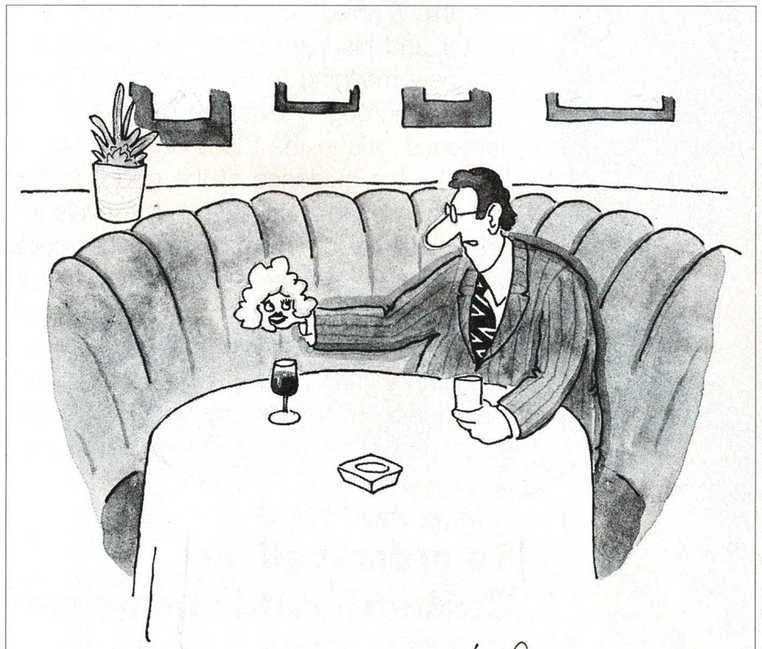
The NSW Police's Domestic Violence Unit is one of the law enforcement bodies around Australia that acts on the domestic violence legislation. In NSW, the State law is called the Apprehended Violence Act, and while co-ordinator for its enforcement Tim Nolan says that it is abused by women, he says malicious complaints are not frequent enough to take the benefit of the doubt away from women. He says NSW police alone attend 1600 cases of alleged domestic violence every month and 170 men are charged every month with breaching domestic violence-related court orders.

"Sure there are a lot of jilted men out there but there are also a lot of bashed women. When the number of women abusing this legislation becomes significant then we should address that, but it's only minor so we must continue to protect our women. The law is there to protect people and we will enforce it.

"These are fights that no-one wins. We can answer a call and there's a former husband with a Commonwealth court order for access to his children, and the former wife says she's scared of him and wants a State court order against him going to her home or seeing the kids. How do you decide if the husband is violent or the wife is a vexatious complainant?"

Nolan says that more than half of domestic violence disputes come from couples in the process of separating or couples whose separation is less than 12 months old. The tragic aspect of domestic violence laws is that while innocent men may suffer from malicious allegations, women are never truly safe from the bona fide wife basher.

While property settlement, child support payments and access to children are issues that rile divorcing men, the issue of custody is often conceded without a fight. Family Court figures say that 40 percent of litigated custody cases are either won by men or they get custody of at least one child. But this seemingly generous figure doesn't include other statistics. It doesn't include the fact that only seven percent of family law disputes are settled in court. The Lone Fathers Association ran its own survey of 10,000 divorced fathers. The poll found that 80



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Paternity

percent of those surveyed had been advised by their lawyers not to apply for custody in the Family Court because they would certainly lose what would be costly proceedings. Lawyers who spoke to *Penthouse*, but who would not be named, denied that lawyers were part of an anti-male conspiracy. They said that part of a lawyer's job was to give honest advice, and in the case of most fathers' custody attempts, the honest advice was that the Court does not look favourably on single-father families.

While custody statistics can easily mislead, it is interesting to note the definitive figure from the Child Support Agency — a department of the Tax Office that disburses 155,000 payments every month to 155,000 custodial parents. The CSA's figures say that 90 percent of payments are made by men, which is probably most indicative of where custody ratios between the sexes stand in this country.

Men who decide to fight for custody of their children can find the costs crippling and many more women than men will get legal aid for Family Court battles. Director of the Western Australia Legal Aid Commission, Michael Lees, puts the ratio at three to one in favour of women getting aid. Lees has been questioned by irate mens' groups and politicians about why legal aid is so stacked in favour of women. He says because one of the tests on legal aid applications is based on the merits of the case, many women will be granted aid because there is a perception that women will win custody and property cases over men. He says that overwhelmingly more women apply for legal aid than men. "Anecdotally, it seems that men are often too proud to ask for aid, whereas women don't hesitate about applying for anything that's going." Colin Marshall from the Queensland Legal Aid Commission provides figures that support the WA anecdotes. In the year 1991/92, female Legal Aid applicants for Family Court assistance in Queensland outnumbered men by three to one, although both sexes had similar rates of getting the assistance they were applying for.

The Family Court is bound by the Family Law Act 1975. This law, described as "barbaric" by Barry Williams of Lone Fathers, and "obscene" by Mike Ward of the Men's Confraternity, requires the judges to resolve disputes with the child's welfare as the paramount concern. When the law was passed it was hailed as a great piece of legislation. It threw out the old system of matrimonial breakdown that required the proof of "fault" or a transgression upon the marriage from one party which was seen as leaving women in a weak position. The Family Law Act provided that divorce could be granted on the basis of irretrievable breakdown, that matrimonial property would be split equitably and that the interests of the child would underpin any decision.

If concern for the child is perceived as being anti-father by men's groups, it is something that the Court's Chief Executive Officer, Len Glare, does not apologise for. Glare says he is aware of the complaints about female bias in the counselling service, and the presumption that the mother is the natural parent. He says that judges take account of counsellor's and psychologist's reports when deciding a custody dispute and that there is no presumption in favour of the mother. As for the reluctance of judges to enforce access orders, Glare says the issue is not as simple as many would make out. "In 1991, seven mothers were jailed for repeated contempt of Family Court orders. Some mothers have been fined and there are a lot put on good behaviour bonds. The problem for the judges is that the Court is bound by the Family Law Act which holds the welfare of the child as paramount. If you jail the custodial mother, then that is not in the interests of the child. If you fine the mother, that's maybe taking food out of a child's mouth."

Glare believes that for an organisation that deals with 150,000 people a year, the Family Court is doing a good job. He says judges of the Court are finding new ways to enforce access orders without detriment to the child. He concedes that some men may feel discriminated against by the Court because of the cost of appealing Family Court decisions ($20,000 a day) and the fact that Legal Aid is drying up for Family Court appeals.

If the needs of the child have lead to a situation where fathers get a raw deal, there are many who don't accept this as a reason or an excuse. Yael Jimenez is one. She says that most Family Court lawyers around the country could rattle off 20 or 30 cases where an inferior parent got custody because she was the mother. She says that men are just as well equipped for parenting as women, but their abilities are not recognised by the Court.

She says that society must change before the courts will follow since judges and laws reflect social values. "I wish men's groups all the best, but they have a long way to go. The women's movement is so powerful."

People like Mike Ward in Perth, Barry Williams in Canberra and Ken Pierce in Sydney all know they have a long way to go. They have the numbers but no financial support; their actions can lead to Joint Committees, Family Court reports and Ombudsman inquiries but they can't turn recommendations into law; they have the sympathy of politicians but many of those politicians are afraid to upset the woman vote. It may seem hopeless to a lot of fathers who feel they have done nothing wrong to be treated the way they have.

The last word goes to Family Court CEO Len Glare: "Paternity rights are unknown to the law."

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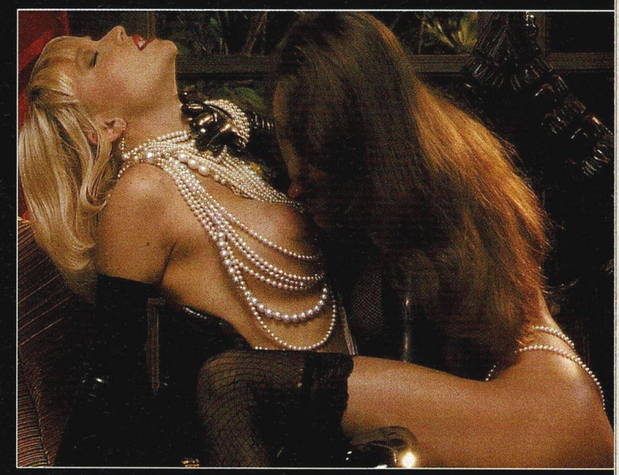

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Clean Country LIVING

PHOTOGRAPHY BY DIDIER PEDRON

Daisy and Lynn decided to escape the stresses of their jobs as corporate lawyers and head out to a quiet coastal town for the weekend.

With no distractions they could give their undivided attention to one another and rediscover exactly what it was that made them so close.

Tensions soon vanished as the girls began to get reacquainted with each other's minds, souls and bodies.
In the warm country air, all their worries faded away and they ran with the moment.
Before too long their intense relaxation was replaced by erotic stimulation as the pair ran their hands of one another's lithe supple figures.
In the rustic rural night, Daisy grew breathless as Lynn kissed her all over.

Her sighs of passion increased tenfold as the two set about pleasuring each other in the most intimate way. No sensitive spot was left untouched, no erotic zone left unexplored and the girls quickly fell back into the easy-going love-making of their university days. With all weekend to spend together Daisy and Lynn embarked on an unhurried campaign of erotic discovery and sexual stimulation.

forum

Continued from page 8

No sooner had I finished my question when she leant over and planted her soft lips on mine. As we broke apart her young hand took hold of my dick. "How about this?" she asked with an impish smile.

Without further ado I grabbed hold of her hips, pulled her inside the sleeper and proceeded to remove what little clothing she had on. Her breasts were deliciously small but her nipples were long and chewy, and chew on them I did. While I was massaging her pert breasts she wasted no time in unzipping my fly and pulling out my hardening penis. She stroked her long red fingernails up and down and up and down.

She bent down and her long wet tongue started licking the eye of my rampant boner. Her lips formed a perfect circle as she proceeded to demonstrate her prowess in giving head. She sucked my penis while fondling my balls.

The girl was possessed. She'd suck my cock, her long blonde tresses bobbing up and down in my lap; then suck my nipples and then go back to my cock, all the while moaning and whispering obscenities. I knew I wasn't going to get much rest this trip. I picked her up, placed her on her back and went down to taste her love juice.

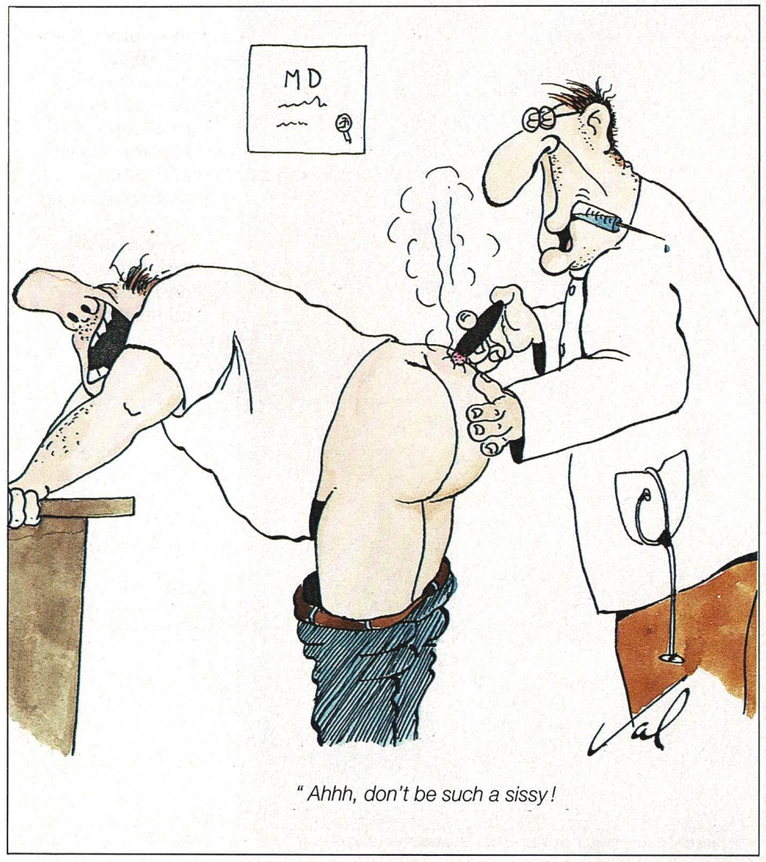
She had the sweetest pussy cream that I have ever tasted. I ran my tongue over her lips, then pulled them into my mouth and chewed on them. I continued to run my tongue up and down her crack and dart my tongue into her hot tunnel of love.

We were enjoying the sensuality of the moment and the rumble from the vibration of the engine, which was just underneath us, only added to the pleasure. We rolled over so she was sitting on my face and I drove my tongue deeper into her pussy, alternating between deep tonguing her pussy and sucking on her engorged clit. It was driving her mad and she erupted with bucking orgasm.

By this stage we were both very sticky with her love juice and she decided she wanted to fuck me.

She crawled onto her hands and knees and wiggled her open pussy at me. I drove my hard penis straight in and received a squeal of delight for my effort. I started with deep, slow strokes but soon sped up to meet her thrusting hips. It wasn't long before we both came, with me filling her with my hot come so that it dribbled out of her pussy and down her legs to mix with her cunt cream.

I withdrew and she rolled over on her back as I rubbed all the love potion into her skin. She wiped herself down, sat up, gave me a wet kiss and thanked me for calming her nerves. She then climbed into her skimpy clothes and returned to her seat. — *Name and address withheld*



"Ahhh, don't be such a sissy!

Deep and meaningful

I am a 38-year-old male. A while back, I suffered from testicular cancer and my right testicle was removed. As the result of this cancer, I now suffer from male hormone deficiency and require a fortnightly injection of male hormone.

Because of the high probability that my cancer will return, my endocrinologist suggested to my GP, a young, beautiful, conservative lady of British descent, that she examine my remaining testicle every month. Also, because the fortnightly injection of male hormone could damage my prostate, my endocrinologist suggested to my GP that she examine my prostate every month as well. This involves her inserting one of her fingers into my anus and shifting it around to feel whether my prostate is enlarged.

This beautiful creature with limpid, soulful eyes obviously had never had to treat this condition before. Her face flushed as I took off my trousers and underpants. Her embarrassment heightened, especially when she saw that I had an erection. She was conspicuously hesitant as she stretched her hands to examine my testicles and prostate and she seemed relieved when she could not find anything wrong.

But as the monthly examinations proceed, her embarrassment gradually turned to fascination. Her examination took longer and became more thorough, as if she wanted to mother me, and feel my hairless, textured beauty. Then one day, as she checked me she said, "I am worried about your prostate. I think it is growing bigger. We'd better examine it carefully." She inserted her middle finger into my anus and started to feel my prostate. She took an unusually long time doing this. As her finger moved inside my anus, the manoeuvers became more and more deliberate. I became increasingly excited but when I almost reached orgasm, she stopped and said, "Your prostate is fine."

Disappointed, I lay on my back waiting for her to examine my testicle. She started feeling my testicle but unexpectedly, her hand moved to my penis. "Let's check your penis as well," she said. She slid the foreskin of my penis down and as usual she slid it up again. But to my surprise she repeated the movement several times. "What are you doing?" I asked, as my erection became harder and harder every stroke. "You'll find out," she said, smiling sheepishly, as she continued to stroke my penis. Then she moved her mouth toward my penis and greedily sucked it. Up and down my shaft her tongue ran. She teased me with all the skills she could muster and finally

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when she enveloped my dick with her mouth, I could stand it no longer. I erupted and shot streams of come down her throat. She smiled wryly, licked her lips and concluded the examination.

My monthly visits to the doctor have never been the same since. — *Name and address withheld*

Three for all

My husband and I have been married for 18 years, and one thing we share are great fantasies. We decided recently that it was time to live out one of them — for me to share an experience with another woman. I had always wanted to know what it would be like to be with another woman, and my husband was dying to watch.

Heather, a close friend of ours, came by our house to have a few drinks. Before we knew it, she and I were lying on the couch together, caressing each other while my husband played voyeur.

Heather's breasts felt soft, yet firm and sensuous. I slowly raised her blouse so I could play with her large nipples, and she put her hand under my skirt and began to spread my lips apart. As she fondled my cunt, I begged her to suck me while my husband watched. I began to drip hot juices, and I told Heather that I wanted to pussy-fuck her. I couldn't contain the excitement that went through my body when our twats touched.

We didn't want my husband to feel as if three was a crowd, so we invited him to join the fun. Heather and I licked his cock taking turns sucking it while the other licked his balls. My husband could not believe how much I was enjoying myself. I felt that Heather should do the honours and drink his come while I proceeded to suck and lick her pussy. My husband ended up fucking us both to orgasm and we tried every threesome variation we could imagine. Our activities continued until the late evening, and now this takes place at least once a week. — *Name and address withheld*

Twice on sundae

Every weekend my boyfriend Frank and I go out for hot fudge sundaes — it's his favourite dessert. One day I decided to give him a sundae he would never forget. I reserved a hotel room so we could have complete privacy, and then headed for the grocery store. I got whipped cream, cherries, chocolate syrup and one banana. Then I told Hank I wanted to get away for the weekend and he should meet me at the hotel.

I was already waiting in the room when he walked in. When he saw me, his eyes bulged out and his penis started to do the same. There I was, lying spread-eagled on the bed. I had put the whipped cream around my nipples and trailed it down to my juicy cunt, where I had sprayed some between my wet lips and inside my hole. I had placed one maraschino cherry inside my pussy, leaving the stem hanging out. I took the banana and started teasing my clit.

Frank had already started undressing and his erection was growing even stronger. Then I put the banana in my mouth giving it a blowjob.

Frank couldn't handle it any more. He jumped on the bed and plunged his face deep into my pussy. He licked and sucked all its sweets and soon found the cherry stem. He grabbed it with his teeth, pulling the cherry out slowly and then pushing it back in. With incredible force he plunged his tongue back into my pussy and I came violently all over his face.

Next Frank started to lick my nipples — but I took control. I rolled him over and teased his nipples with my tongue until they became erect. At the same time I was letting his balls slide back and forth against my fingers. I could tell he was ready for more — his penis was dying for attention. I took the can of whipped cream, leaned back and sprayed it into my mouth. Without swallowing, I bent down and took his fully erect tool down my hungry throat. He groaned with pleasure and begged for more. I was sucking hard and I knew that he would come any minute, but I wanted him to wait.

I took the chocolate syrup and poured it all over him, retracing the lines with whipped cream. I took a cherry, dipped it onto his chest and fed it to him. Then I licked up every last drop as I lavishly stroked his penis. I wanted this to be the best orgasm of his life. I took the chocolate syrup and whipped cream and filled my pulsating cunt. Then I made him put his hands behind his head and I told him not to move.

I straddled him — carefully so none of what was inside me would fall out — and eased myself onto his rock-hard dick. He let out a moan as he felt my warmth and wetness engulf him and my crotch grind against his.

I wanted us to come together but the intense pleasure was too much for me and I couldn't help but explode. By the time he was ready to erupt, though, I started to feel another orgasm coming on. We started moving together slowly then faster, and then, all of a sudden he burst inside of me with full force and I came seconds later. We both fell in exhaustion and I could still feel his sweet juices inside me. It was the best sundae I've ever had and one that Frank will never forget. — *Name and address withheld*

Laundry time

Being a regular Forum reader, I would like to share a recent sexual encounter of mine. I am in the airforce and it was a typical Thursday pay-day. I had a pocketful of money and a sac full of juice, so I decided to go to the disco on base. After trying my hardest and getting nowhere with the local women in uniform, I decided to cut my losses and go back to my room. As I was walking back, I decided to collect my clothes from the base laundry (I had put them in a dryer that afternoon). I collected my laundry and started walking back when I heard a female voice shout, "Come up for a drink, sexy." I turned around and found that the voice was coming from a woman sitting on the second storey veranda of a nearby block of rooms. Never one to turn down a free drink I complied. As I arrived at the top of the stairs to the veranda, I surveyed the scene — two women, sitting in chairs and drinking from a cask of wine.

I introduced myself and sat down in a vacant chair across from them. The one who had yelled out to me introduced herself as Debbie and her friend as Louise. Debbie was average-looking with short brown hair and a flat chest, but Louise was every young stud's dream. Louise was ample in all the right places and had long blonde hair down to her back and more sensuous lips than Kelly Le Brock. Debbie offered me a drink from the wine cask which she referred to as "my bar." I nearly replied, "How about a drink from my bar?"

For once I kept my tongue in check and graciously accepted. We talked about many different subjects while we drank, but invariably the conversation drifted to sex.

Before I knew it, Louise and I were back in my room with the lights off and the TV running. We had a quick hit of port, and before long Louise was plunging her tongue down my throat. I took this as a sign of encouragement and started massaging her ample chest. Louise groaned with pleasure as her nipples swelled. I slowly undid her blouse while pressing my lips against hers and taking in the taste of her mouth. Her hands went immediately to shake hands with the unemployed. She undid my fly to let loose my throbbing member and while I proceeded to unleash her mammoth tits, Louise lashed my receptive tool with her accommodating tongue. I groaned with pleasure at her attempt to suck my balls through the eye of my dick. I stood up and took my jeans off, Louise followed suit and then removed my shirt. I pushed her to the bed and she landed on her back, knowing full well what was coming (or very soon to be).

She spread her legs wide and held them apart with her hands. I have never been to America, but I can appreciate how the Yanks talk about the wonderful view of the Grand Canyon. Not wanting to ruin the moment, I grabbed my cock and lunged forward. Being a competent darts player, I wasn't surprised I hit my mark first time, although the size of the target helped.

I thrust into her warm, moist cavern, while supporting myself on my elbows. I worked up a rhythm any drummer would have been proud of. Louise looped her legs around my back and rose energetically to met my ever-quickening thrusts. Louise was digging her nails into my back and it felt damn fine as we soared to greater heights of passion.

Then Louise could take it no longer and let out an animal cry, clenched me tight and gripped me hard with her internal muscles as she orgasmed over me. I managed one final down thrust, squirting my liquid passion into her on the way and then collapsing with exhaustion. — *Name and address withheld*

Girl's best friend

My name is Kelly and I am 23 with long blonde hair and a petite figure. I work in an office in the city which has four other girls working there as well. My closest friend there is Monique. She is 25 with shoulder-length brown hair, a beautiful body and a pretty face that sends most of the men that work in the office crazy.

After work on Thursday all the office

" All Flloyd could do was remain motionless until the herd passed, the slightest movement could spook them into a fatal stampede. "

went out for drinks. Soon she was very drunk and by midnight both of us needed to be poured into a cab home. When we got home I made a cup of coffee for both of us. Monique sat down and picked up an old *Penthouse* magazine and started to flick through it while waiting for me. She started to read the Forum letters. There was one about a girl making love with a hunk on the beach on a moonlit night. Another was about a girl taking two guys at the same time. Then came one about two girls who made love.

Monique said the thought of that had never entered her mind before. She asked what I thought. I told her that after reading about it a couple of times in *Penthouse Letters*, it became one of my secret fantasies but the right girl and time had never come along.

I told Monique that if it happened it would need to be a no-strings attached arrangement. She asked me what attracted me to this fantasy. I told her I would probably like eating forbidden fruit and that a woman's body would be so soft, warm and tender. It would be good to see what appealed to guys so much. It was getting late and we decided to call it a night. She went to her room and closed the door. I cleaned up the kitchen before going to the bathroom to brush my teeth and put my hair up. I then went to my room and closed my door.

I had just stripped down to my knickers and put on a shirt to go to bed when Monique entered the room in a white satin robe. She sat next to me on my bed and we talked for a couple more minutes. Through her robe, I could see that she was wearing a set of black knickers and bra. After admitting my fantasy to Monique, I felt so horny I wanted to pull loose the cord on her robe to expose what was underneath. As we talked, Monique noticed me perving through the gap in her robe and it did not seem to worry her. She then asked me if I thought she was pretty. I said she was very beautiful and had a great figure. We embraced as friends and as we did I felt for Monique's robe cord, it was going to be now or never.

As Monique got up I held the robe cord and it came undone before my eyes. To my surprise she just stood there and smiled, saying nothing. With embarrassment I apologised explaining that I didn't know what I was doing. Monique said that she thought I was dropping a hint when I told her of my girl-girl fantasy. She didn't see any harm in at least trying the fantasy herself. I asked her if she was sure and she said, "You only live once."

I quickly got up and took off my T-shirt and pulled down my panties. We got into bed and Monique began to finger me. I took her breast in my mouth and began to kiss it.

Then I put my finger between Monique's legs and massaged her clit. We were both as hot as hell. She then started to kiss me with her tongue going deep into my mouth. I don't know what came over me, but I was suddenly overcome with a desire to taste Monique.

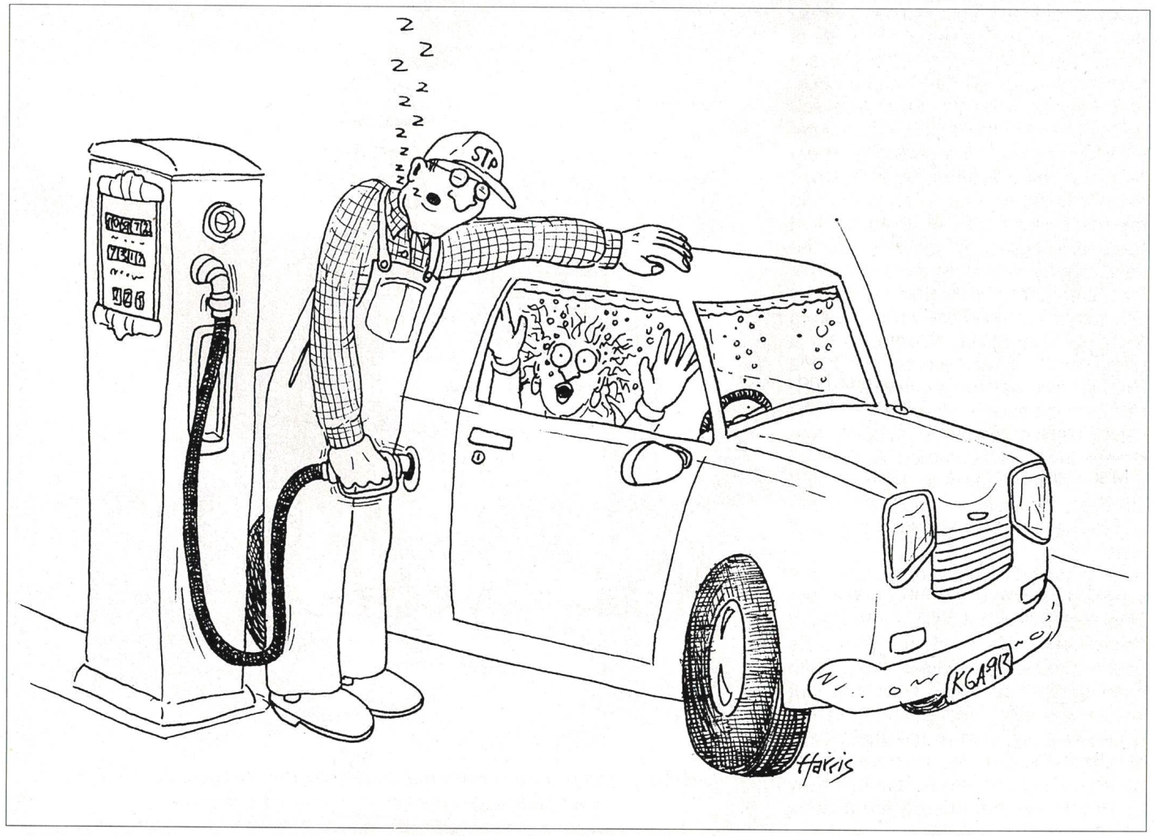
I loved the way she squirmed when my tongue hit her clit and she was so wet that her juices were practically running down my throat. She did the same for me and it felt wonderful.

To my surprise, she then went to her bag and pulled out a discreet little vibrator. With a sexy smile she turned it on and began to tickle my clit with it. Just as my orgasm was beginning to build, she shoved it deep into my dripping pussy.

She plunged it in and out of me as if she was stabbing me in a frenzy and I exploded in a screaming primal orgasm.

We swapped positions and I shoved the vibrator, which was slick and shiny with my come, into her dripping pussy. It slid in easily and she came almost immediately.

This went on for over an hour. I was so tired that I closed my eyes for just a minute and didn't wake up until the next day. When I did wake up, Monique was back in her bed fast asleep. — *Name and address withheld*



BLACK LABEL EDITION

forum

Kindergarten cock

As a single dad, I don't really have much time to pursue a relationship, never mind an active sex life. Taking care of my little girl and a demanding job virtually takes up all my time. Recently, I swung by the kindergarten to pick up my daughter but found that the usually bustling car park was deserted save one lonely car. Fearing the worst as any parent does, thoughts of bomb scares, mass murderers and all types of natural disasters ran through my head as I entered the playschool.

Once again, no-one. I made my way towards the office and was relieved to see that someone was in there. That someone was one of my daughter's teachers whom I'd secretly christened Miss Demeanour. She was short and petite with dark silky hair cut into a bob. Her facial features were exquisite and her doe-like eyes and celestial cheekbones looked like they'd been fashioned by Michelangelo himself. She was wearing a white silk blouse and a navy-blue skirt that had slid up her slim thigh as she sat with her legs crossed.

When she looked up and saw me standing there, she was startled but this soon gave way to a beautiful smile. She told me that the kids were still away on their day trip to the local zoo and were not expected back at the kindy for at least two hours. Feeling rather silly for forgetting the field trip my daughter had been yelling about for two weeks, I excused myself and turned to head out the door.

Miss Demeanour asked if I would like a cup of coffee while I waited. After a while, we ended up chatting about day to day things as we sat on a bench in the office.

Before I knew what had happened, she took our flirting a step further than I had expected it to go. She leaned forward and kissed me softly on the cheek. As she did this her breasts brushed against my arm and the crotch of my jeans started feeling as cramped as a Bombay bus during rush hour.

She took me by the hand and silently led me to the playroom. Teasingly, she asked me if I was ready for nap-time as she spread some blankets on the floor.

She guided me to the floor and proceeded to give me a deep, searching kiss as she slowly unbuttoned my shirt. She blazed a trail of kisses down my neck and chest as she headed towards my bulging crotch.

With deft and nimble fingers, she unzipped me and pulled out my nine inches of solid dick. Glancing my cock with the lightest of touches, Miss Demeanour's tongue darted about the length and girth of me until I felt I was going to explode on her face.

After some time, she finally did engulf me. With a look of absolute pleasure, she bobbed up and down on my penis. Her fingers tickled the underside of my scrotum as her beautiful lips made an air-tight seal around the base of my cock. Her pace increased. Ever so gently she guided my hand towards my prick. She placed her mouth just over the head of my prick and encouraged me to wank myself. I started to pump my meat, being careful not to hit her in the mouth.

Within seconds, I dispatched torrents of come into her as she sucked and slurped on me.

When she took off her silk shirt, my suspicion that she was not wearing a bra was gloriously confirmed when her fleshy, firm breasts came into view. They were a creamy white colour and had those large dark nipples that have small ridges around their perimeter and really stand out from the breast. I could not help myself, I lunged at her and licked her nipples as she arched her back and moaned softly.

She stepped back from me, reached behind her and undid her skirt. It fell to the ground and she was standing before me in nothing but the skimpiest black lace G-string. A few wisps of dark pubic hair were poking out of the top of her underwear and before I knew it, I was licking my way up the inside of her thighs. By the time I reached her crotch, I could smell her musky arousal. I pulled the underwear aside and tongued her pussy and clit. I had barely slid my tongue inside her when she let out a raspy grunt and came. By this time, I was aching to be inside her. She knew what I wanted and positioned herself on all fours. She reached behind her, grabbed my cock and slowly began to tickle her clit with it.

"What do we say?" she asked mischievously.

"Please Miss," I said half in earnest, half in her.

Suddenly she slammed back onto my pole and started riding it with reckless abandon. She contracted her pussy muscles around my dick and soon my balls tightened. Pounding away at her, I knew that I could hold out no longer. She begged me to shoot inside her and just

"You were crazy not to use the insanity defense."

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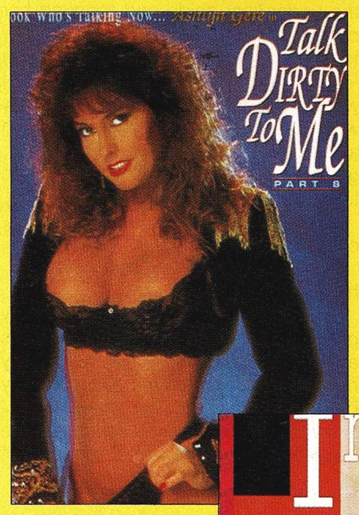
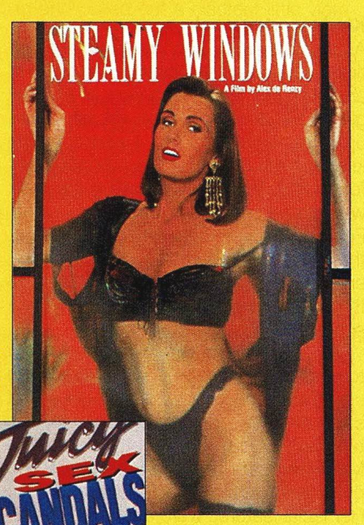


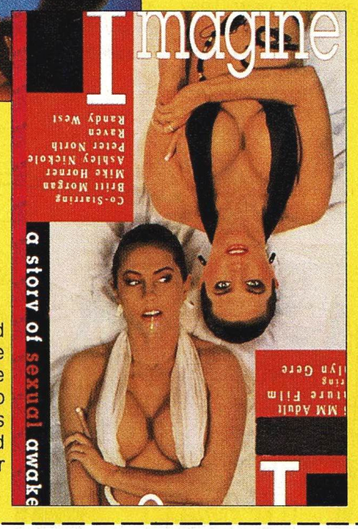
VIDEO

EC1 Talk Dirty To Me Part VIII
The sudden departure of Dr. Carol Lewis from Talk Radio leaves Duffy La Rue as the emergency replacement while the station embarks on a nation-wide talent search.

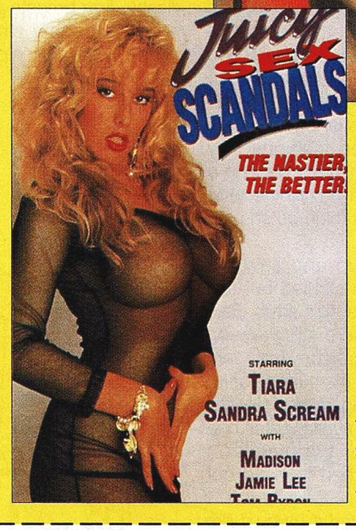


VIDEO

EC2 Steamy Windows
A successful, strong-willed art dealer mounts the most exotic exhibition of her life.



EC3 Imagine
A young talented advertising executive realises that her whole life has been devoted to her job. Her thoughts must change, and change they do as her imagination takes over.



EC4 Juicy Sex Scandals
Take a peek behind the scenes of Channel 3 - the nastiest news channel on the air.

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as she let out a scream, she plunged her finger up her arsehole. Seeing that took me over the edge and I exploded inside her. We quickly cleaned up, made ourselves look respectable and proceeded to wait for the kids as if nothing had happened. — *Name and address withheld*

India heat of the night

I've been going out with my girlfriend for a number of months now. She's Indian, 19-years-old, very exotic with lovely chocolate-coloured skin and a feminine, curvaceous body.

Roughly three months ago she got a job in an Indian restaurant. She has always been fairly secretive about the job, but I have never questioned her since I trust her implicitly. However, I must say that I became suspicious when I caught a glimpse of her pay cheque. I don't know about you, but five hundred and thirty dollars seems awfully good pay for two nights as a waitress.

Curious now, I followed her to work to see if anything untoward was happening. I took up a secluded position from which I could see the window of the restaurant and I had a good view of the whole dining area. I arrived at six, and by 11pm everything seemed normal. The doors had been closed at ten thirty, and my sweetheart was just showing the last two customers out of the restaurant.

The only people left in the restaurant now were the paunchy Indian cook, the dignified white-haired maitre d' and the manager, a fifty-year-old Sikh, complete with turban and long beard. The cook came out of the kitchen, and went up to a large square table in the centre of the restaurant. Out of his pocket he pulled four ropes, and tied one to each leg of the table. To my surprise, my girlfriend walked over to the table, mounted it and lay on her back in a spread-eagle position.

The cook then proceeded to tie each of her wrists to the top of the table and her legs to the bottom. I was astounded but at the same time intrigued. Seeing that she was compliant (and by the smile on her face enjoying herself) with the cook, I decided to wait and watch.

Bound securely, my girlfriend closed her eyes and seemed to relax. The manager now approached and unbuttoned her blouse. When this was completed he tugged away her white lace bra and began to suck each of her breasts until her dark brown nipples stood up to attention. By now she was squirming, and the maitre d' came up to her and lifted her little black skirt to expose her white panties. He began rubbing his hand up and down between her legs, until she was writhing on the table.

All this time the manager had been sucking her tits harder and harder, and the cook had moved to her head and was kissing her deeply.

The maitre d' now stood up, ripped off her dripping panties, and proceeded to grind his face into her pussy, causing her to buck even harder. While this was happening, the manager and the cook swapped places, and while the cook continued sucking her tits where the manager had left off, the manager moved to her head.

He unbuckled his trousers and pulled them down to reveal a truly astonishing cock, which, I'm sad to say, left mine for dead in terms of size. Climbing onto the table, he proceeded to feed his penis into her mouth. This was all too much for my girlfriend and she convulsed violently for five seconds, coming all over maitre d's face.

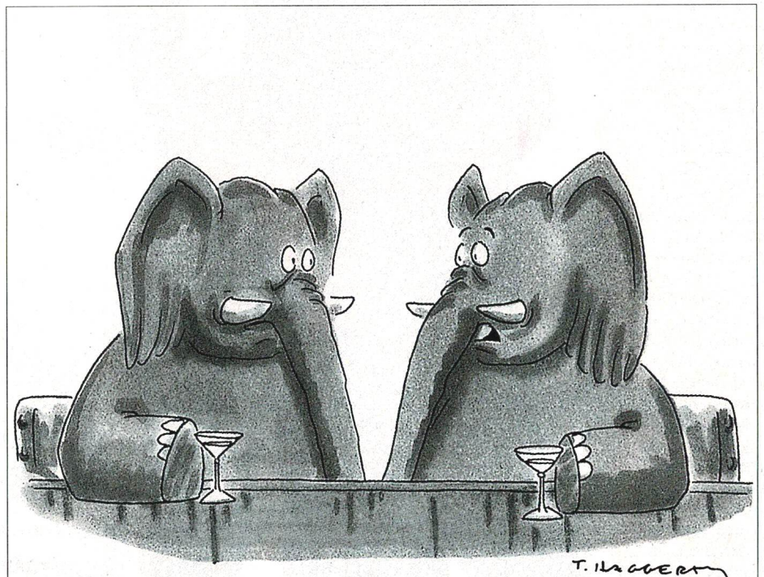
The maitre d' moved around the table and took over the job of suckling, while the cook stood, took off his trousers, and proceeded to stuff his large dick into my woman. This went on for a couple of minutes. Then the cook pulled out of her and came in great, gushing spurts all over her chest, which the maitre d' had luckily just vacated in order to remove his own pants. At that moment the manager pulled out of her mouth, and in a frenzy jerked himself off all over her wet chest.

The poor girl was already covered in come and this extra load seemed too much for her and she burst again into a raging orgasm.

The maitre d' mounted my still panting girlfriend and shoved this enormous prick into her. She writhed as he pounded in and out of her. All the while he was roughly pulling on her tits and within two minutes she again burst forth into the most stupendous, screaming orgasm. The maitre d' kept pumping through this and a minute later he also pulled out and covered her in even more come.

The manager approached her, cut her loose and left her cheque in an envelope beside her. The maitre d' dressed and the three men left the restaurant for home.

And my woman? She just lay there for ten minutes, got up, cleaned herself, locked the place and left to wait for a cab. — *Name and address withheld*

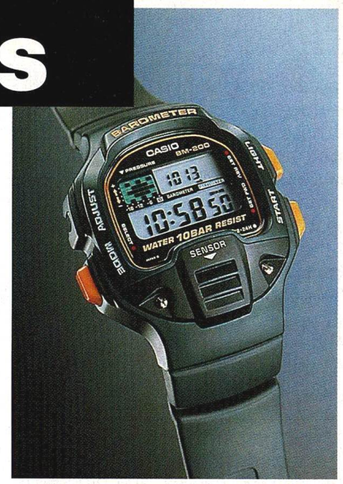


"I never have any trouble finding them or fucking them. I just can't seem to forget them."

loose ends

and the winners are . .

The winners of the Ricci competition featured in the November issue of *Australian Penthouse* were: M. Caldwell, Forestville, NSW; A. Rodrick, Pennant Hills, NSW; S. McDonald, Liverpool, NSW; A. Young, Waverley, NSW; G. Sowter, Cessnock, NSW; T. Shearman, Hobart, Tas; R. Murray, Hobart, Tas; J. Odoj, Kelmscott, WA; K. Daddow, Albany, WA; E. Robertson, Gnowangerup, WA; G. Denman, Booval, Qld; R. Anderson, Cooroy, Qld; M. Zahri, Gold Coast, Qld; T. Patterson, Kirra, Qld; V. Yap, Box Hill, Vic; N. Eastman, Alice Springs, NT; K. Noble, Driver, Palmerston, NT; J. James, Hawker, ACT; J. Lamony, South Oakleigh, Vic. The runners up were: D. Lukin, Port Lincoln, SA; G. Hemmings, Armidale, NSW; P. Grove, Darwin, NT; J. Kavanagh, Baulkham Hills, NSW; S. Hampson, Springwood, Qld; V. Lazarra, West Aurburn, Vic; M. Sanders, Riverton, WA; B. Avery, Dingley, Vic; D. Martin, Mt Barker, WA; M. McCabe, Holt, ACT; G. McGarrick, Townsville, Qld; G. Giameos, Orange, NSW.

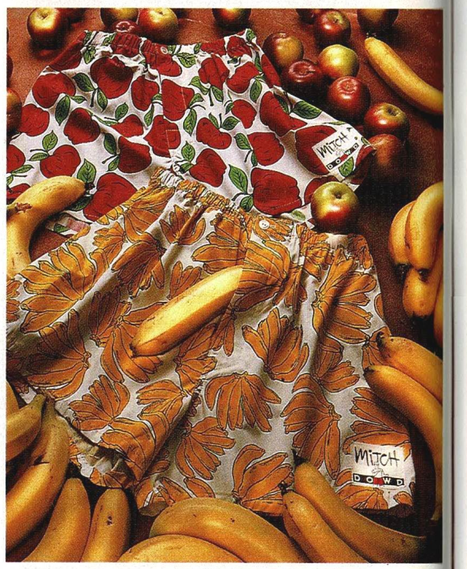


weather watch

The Japanese, known for their love of the great outdoors, have come up with an essential accessory when venturing out into the wilderness. Developed by Casio, the BM200WJ allows users to predict the weather by sensing changes in air pressure, displaying the readings on the watch face and updating the information every three hours. Air pressure data can also be used to calculate altitude so users know exactly what height they're at.

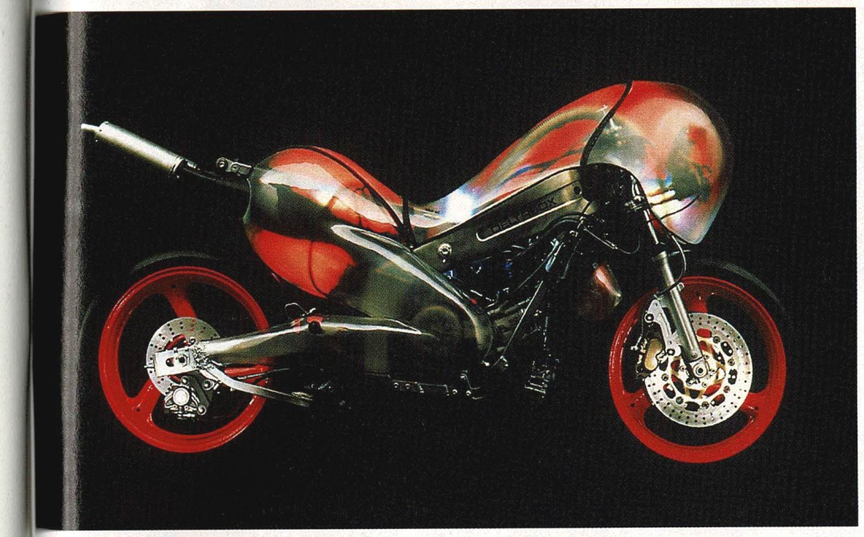
heaven scent

Boxer shorts have undergone an amazing revolution since their reintroduction in 1985. There have been boxers adorned with cheeky messages and boxers that glow in the dark. Now there are boxers which emit a smell, a pleasant smell that is. New from Mitch Dowd are the ripe banana and juicy apple designs which have a fruity fragrance to match. Available from Myer, Grace Bros and David Jones.



RUNNING BEAR

The clothing company Bear Looks Back took its name from a native American Indian chief of bygone days. Some of the simplicity and harmony of that civilisation is reflected in the bold earthy colours of the 100-percent, made-in-Australia gym and casual wear. Their new range with the stone-washed finish comes in either turquoise, charcoal or beige. Phone (02) 361 0570 for stockist information.



HISTORY IN THE MAKING

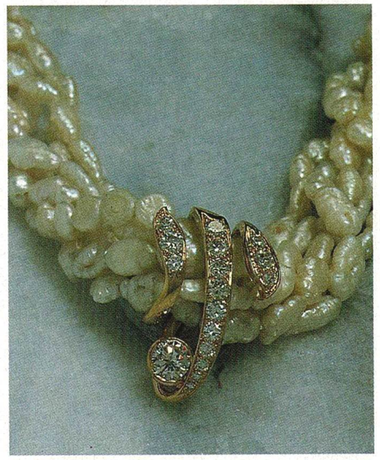
Gordons gin is more than mere alcohol; it's a liquid history. First distilled more than 200 years ago, Gordon's has been used as a commodity in the Australian gold fields; tippled by fine ladies of the Realm in India, sipped by proper gentlemen at English clubs and quaffed by British sailors just about everywhere. If you'd like a taste of history, the local bottle shop should be able to help you.

in all the right places

Bike designers GK Dynamics developed this concept bike to sum up the spirit of motorcycle design. Based on the TZR250, The Eve Machina "is both sexual and dynamically spiritual, emulating the curves of the female anatomy but at the same time projecting masculinity and power," according to the company.

SO PRECIOUS

So you need a present for the little woman?
This 18-carat yellow gold accessory to pearls from Gio Va Jewellery will definitely put a smile on her face. It won the coveted Diploma of Honour from DeBeers and is the perfect accessory for her pearl necklace. It costs $6500 but, hey, what's money when you're in love? Phone Gio Va on (02) 908 3130 for more information.



on ya bike

The new Prairie Breaker Expert from Shogun is the ultimate in mountain bikes. Priced at around $1200, this bike is for people who are into having serious fun while looking stylish.

Pet Of The Month, Kristie Hughes

INSIDE MAY AUSTRALIAN PENTHOUSE

Death By Capital Punishment — Next month's *Australian Penthouse* examines the growing call for the reinstatement of capital punishment in Australia. Would it be a step ahead in a modern society or a leap back into the dark ages?

Send In The Clowns — It takes a special type of lunacy to square off against a tonne of very angry bull. *Australian Penthouse* goes behind the scenes with men who making a living doing just that — the rodeo clowns.

The Fast Track To Failure — Imagine permanent dole income. The May edition of *Australian Penthouse* will virtually guarantee it with the indispensable guide to becoming totally unemployable.

Pet Of The Month — Striking 27-year-old traveller Kristie Hughes is a Southern Belle from Atlanta, Georgia who recently won the Miss Nude Queensland competition. In the May issue of *Australian Penthouse*, you'll see why exactly why the Sunshine State has taken such a liking to her.

MOTORING

Continued from page 19

heavily in plant and product.

Ford Australia, benefiting from the energy and direction generated by the then company president Jac Nasser, managed an amazing renaissance during 1992.

Condemned as a lemon in its early years, the 4.0-litre EB II was transformed into a 1992 Cinderella, quickly outselling the rival VP Holden Commodore, itself a fine car.

During last year, Ford also won praise by introducing life-saving, anti-lock braking on the Falcon at the affordable price of $990.

Over in Adelaide, Mitsubishi Motors Australia was entrusted with the job of creating and manufacturing the Magna wagon for several key export markets. This handsome export earner is being sold in the United States and Britain.

Last December, Toyota Australia began building the first of its new wide-bodied Camry models, the car that will move in 1994 to a new site at Altona on the outskirts of Melbourne. Toyota insists this facility, costing $420 million, will be the equal of any Toyota plant.

It will need to be, if Toyota Australia is to secure serious export business in the Asia-Pacific region to justify its massive commitment to manufacturing. At the moment, Toyota is anticipating that 30 percent of its 100,000 capacity at Altona will head for the wharves and ultimately to foreign markets.

Toyota's partner, Holden, has also moved to improve its engineering and manufacturing standards and looks set to become the first Australian car maker to offer air bags in locally made cars.

Overall, there has been a tangible hike in quality of Australian cars, quantified in reports from *Wheels* magazine and the Automotive Industry Authority. Maybe Dr Hewson and his cohorts don't read much.

Last year, *Wheels* magazine's annual quality ratings survey put the Nissan Pulsar (then made locally) at number four with the Ford Falcon at equal sixth. Commenting on the end-of-1992 Automotive Research Marketing Service survey, the conservative AIA reported that local cars had closed the quality gap further and in some cases matched or bettered the imports.

Heartening stuff, even if only one side of politics acknowledged it. Meanwhile the best argument in favour of support for the local vehicle industry is to keep on producing cars worth buying.

But if the Coalition has its way, we'll all be buying imports. The Aussie car will be dead. — *Peter McKay*

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